

1918  
SOVEREIGN



OF THE  
WELSH DIVISION



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From:- *W.A. Evans*

1918 SOUVENIR

To:- *Mr or Mrs J. Griffiths*

# THE WELSH DIVISION.

*With Best Wishes.*



Edited by JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.

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Price - ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

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58 W







## The Prince's Message.

My best wishes to

THE WELSH DIVISION

for a Merry Xmas

& a Happy New Year

Edward.

## Foreword.

**I**N the strenuous year that has passed since the first 'Souvenir of the Welsh Division' was published, much rain has fallen and lain stagnant in the shell-holes of Flanders, many brave men—old, middle-aged but mostly young—have given their lives; the eternal round—front line, support, reserve, has held sway week after week, month after weary month; there has been a battle, perhaps the greatest battle in the history of the world; there have been raids and counter-raids, gas alarms, routine, marches, and once or twice—rest; there have been good days and bad days, sunshine and storm, dust and mud.

Through it and with it all the Division has definitely made its name. It counts veterans of two years' continuous active service on its roll, it has created its own tradition—the tradition of Mametz, Ypres, Pilkem, and Langemarck—from which its reinforcements can learn their heritage. For it has passed through the blasting test of pitched battle and the long-drawn-out, searing test of 'holding on.' To the men who have made that tradition, and to the men who are learning it, facing daily the realities of modern war, these pages may perhaps be a relaxation from the unending strain.

But we have, or hope to have, another public, that of the people at home. Mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts of the 'lads out there' may buy their copies just because it's 'our Dai's Division.' They know and understand. To the casual stranger in search of something to pass the time, who happens upon this Souvenir of ours, we would say just this:

"Within these covers you will find nothing very serious, nothing at all learned, a little friendly badinage, a little which by its technicality is perhaps beyond you, some pictures, some stories, and a joke or two. But do not therefore conclude that when a man becomes a soldier he develops into a queer type of being who lusts alternately for battle and for beer. Do not think of him as a person very different from yourself—for he is not. He loves and hates, aspires and sometimes succeeds, sometimes fails, much as you do; has hopes and dreams for the future just as you have. And he is carrying out his job—whether gunner, mechanic, sapper or magnificent infantryman—to the best of his ability. It is an unpleasant job at the best of times: there are occasions when it is just Hell. Do not salve your conscience by pretending that he likes it. Nothing is further from the truth—for all that you read in the newspapers. Nevertheless you may rely upon him. He will endure nobly to the end, whether that end be near or distant."

J. E. J.



## A Ballad of Memory.

THE dew is sparkling in the meadows fair  
 At dawn, upon an English summer day :  
 Larks singing sweetly in the morning air,  
 Wild roses scattered all about the way,  
 The scent of violets, and new mown hay,  
 Blossoms profuse on every hedge and tree,  
 The entrance to the glade where fairies play——  
 Such memories are ever haunting me.

Moonlight and shadow on a crumbling wall,  
 Ruin and devastation all around,  
 Here a Cathedral, there a famous Hall,  
 The screeching of a shell the only sound,  
 A cross that stands above a fresh dug mound,  
 The sobbing of the wind, a fallen tree,  
 That shell hole, where a chum of mine was found——  
 Such memories are ever haunting me.

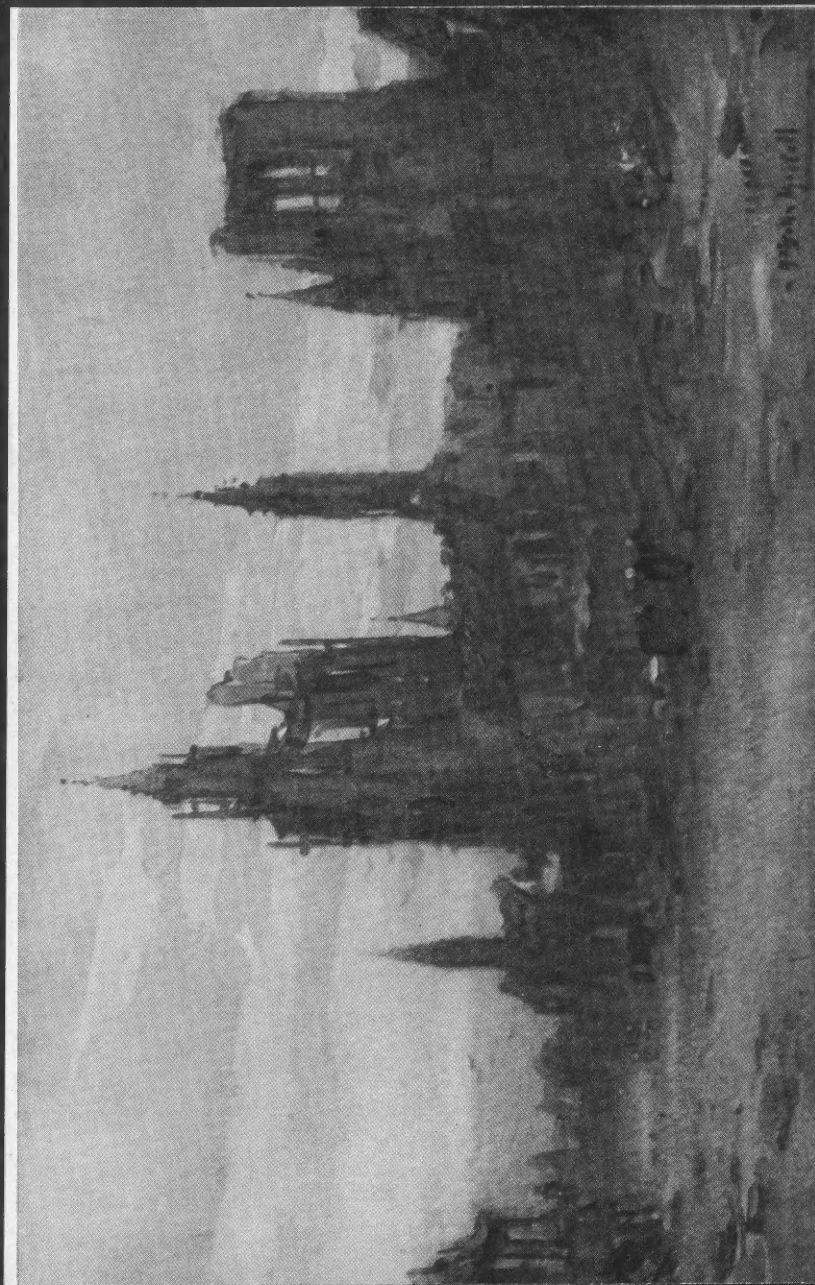
### L'ENVOI.

Prince, are you ever troubled in your mind ?  
 Perhaps you could tell me why these things should be.  
 For in my lonely hours no peace I find——  
 Such memories are ever haunting me.

P. H. HANDLEY.

From the Painting by A. ST. J. MOCALL, R.S.A.

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THE CITY OF



# The Quartermaster in Wonderland

THE Lieutenant Quartermaster sat in his store and gazed about him with an air of conscious rectitude. His eye ranged along serried ranks of surplus Bully Beef (camouflaged as Dripping), scanned pyramids of Pork and Beans, swam metaphorically through seas of Rum, rested for a moment on the end wall, neatly papered with duplicate NIL Returns, and fetched up finally with just the soupçon of a shock against the portrait of the Senior Supply Officer, which hung over what appeared to be an altar, but was in reality merely a desk set with candles. It was a fine portrait done in oils (Whale and Lubricating), and was justly considered by friends of Lt. Botticelli MacCauliflower to be the masterpiece of that distinguished artist. About the head of the Senior Supply Officer was an illuminated scroll bearing the inscription:—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—on the 7th, 14th, 21st and last day of the month."

Like a rabbit fascinated by a snake, the Quartermaster stared at this work of art, until finally his head fell forward on his beribboned breast and his soul was wafted on the wings of slumber into the far dominion of dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seemed to him that after a long interval he awoke to the sounds of distant music, in which his trained ear distinguished easily the rattle of drums (paraffin). Gradually the sounds drew nearer and he caught the words of a song:—

"Conquering Kings their titles take  
From the rum they surplus make;  
But the gates of Heaven are shut  
On th' aspiring Mr. Tutt."

As he was scratching his head trying to remember whether his name began with a K or a T, a Troupe came into view, and he observed to his amazement that it was composed of only one man, the rest of the performers being dummies, worked by wires, and that the music proceeded from a variety of instruments arranged about the person of this singular musician in the manner common to such performers. In spite of his obvious handicaps this peripatetic embodiment of an Eisteddfod positively exuded harmony. He oozed with rhythm. The very air vibrated to his walk, and the Quartermaster, whose sense of music had been dulled by daily contact with Biscuits and Bacon, and by continual absorption in Pork and Beans, found himself, when he opened his mouth, falling unwittingly into verse, as per attached minute:—

'Reference this curious situation,  
Please give me your exact location,  
With names and numbers in rotation.'

To whom forthwith the bard made answer:—

'Reference above; my name is Blore,  
My number one; there are no more—  
A fact, old boy, I much deplore.'

And with that he turned and went on his way, and the Quartermaster, looking about him and beholding a deep valley, proceeded into same in single



file, keeping well to the right of the road. Presently he came upon a sandy shore and a green space near by. And from the shore rose ever thick clouds of vapour, as of incense, while on the sward a bevy of fair maidens danced about one who wore a silver fillet in his hair and had the semblance of a god. Tales of an earlier and a happier world flashed across the Quartermaster's mind. He saw above him the bright skies of Greece; he heard once more "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey" and, as he looked again, it seemed to him that he beheld Odysseus standing amazed upon the Aegean strand, surrounded by Nausicaa and her laughing maidens. But, as he drew nearer, he learnt that things are not always what they seem. The clouds of incense resolved themselves into steam ascending from countless wash-tubs; the silver fillet of the god was seen to be in reality soap-suds; while the god himself appeared as a very genial gentleman smoking a pipe, and smiling cheerily through his spectacles upon the circumambient femininity, which ever drowned his nascent discourse in riotous song, in this wise:—

"Our cheeks are as red as the rose,  
And white are our hands as the lily,  
And we wash Tommy Atkins' clothes,  
For the Lord of the Wash-Tub, John  
Willie,  
John Willie, John Willie, John  
Willie,  
For the Lord of the Wash-Tub, John  
Willie!"

"Odysseus, in days of yore,  
Was shy—oh wasn't he silly!—  
When he played with the girls on the  
shore,  
So different from our John Willie,  
John Willie, John Willie, John Willie,  
So different from our John Willie!"

And that was that. But it is the beautiful things of life which fade the soonest, and even as the Quartermaster looked and listened, the vision dimmed, the music grew faint and darkness fell upon the scene. Like Dante's Valley—

'Oscura, profonda era e nebulosa,'  
and the hero of many a Ration Dump began to have the wind up thoroughly. Then he experienced a curious jerk (like the man who sat on the bomb by mistake), which was followed by the strange feeling that he was in the middle of a cinematograph picture, and that the film was running backwards.

He looked at his watch and found that that too was moving backwards. He remembers distinctly saying to himself, "If this kind of thing goes on, how the blazes am I to make out my A.B.'s 55? Let me see; to-day is Wednesday and I want Rations for last Tuesday week . . . ."

Suddenly he found himself dumped with a thud on the Bank of a Canal. Around him he beheld a world in ruins: valleys were thrown into the air, mountains skipped about like Welsh goats, lakes vanished, rivers appeared and everywhere was a fearful thunder and a dreadful rain of fire and blood. He sank to the ground and buried his head in the sawdust of a box in which pickle jars had been packed. Unexpectedly a strong hand was placed on his shoulder, and an imperious voice spoke in his ear "It's all right, my man. I, your Commander, have arranged all this. I will show you how it is done. Shake hands! Now write home and tell your people, etc., etc." Gradually the inferno subsided into silence and oblivion, and the Quartermaster was left alone with the gathering shadows. To him so sitting there glided out of the

crepuscular gloom a thin grey ghost—field grey in fact—and called upon him in sepulchral tones "Wer da?" For an instant the Quartermaster was utterly flummoxed. Then an inspiration struck him and, suddenly dead to all sense of truth and honour, "Moses Davies!" he cried. "Was? Sie sind wohl nicht der Moses Davies von Rhondda Valley?" "Ja—oui—er, I mean Iss, whateffer" stammered the Quartermaster who was rapidly losing his head. "Kamerad!" shrieked the apparition, and emitting a noise like a whizz-bang from his throat, retreated according to plan, by vanishing in a cloud of yellow gas.

With a promptitude born of long practice the Quartermaster adjusted his small box respirator, taking the mask out of the satchel and seizing it with both hands, the fingers gripping the edge of the mask, and both thumbs pointing inwards and upwards UNDER the elastic. Thus arrayed, he dashed through the encircling vapours, and did not stop until he saw above and in front of him a towering peak clear of the gas. On the upper slopes of this peak he descried (and the observation filled him with interest and suspicion), a youth of flaming eyes and tousled auburn hair, who bore through snow and ice a banner with a strange device CANTEENS. And, as he climbed, the youth sang, and the words of his song were wafted downwards on the breeze.

"Where are you going to, my Lucianne?"

'You mind your own business, my little man,

My little man, my little man,

'You mind your own business, my little man!'

'May I come with you, Lucianne?

'No; certainly not!'—and off she ran,

Off she ran, off she ran,

'No, certainly not!'—and off she ran."

Moved by a sight so sad, and yet so sweet, the Quartermaster hurried after the youth, but only reached the summit in time to see him vanish into a sort of Y.M.C.A. hut, where he caught a glimpse of two damsels serving at tables. He further observed that, when he entered into this new company, the youth quickly altered his tune. He could not quite hear the new tune, but it came to him something like this (Numeros memini, si verba tenerem):—

'Um-ti-tumty, Um-ti-tumty, Um-ti-tumty, rat-atan,

with a final catch which he heard quite clearly:—

'... with a sister to assist her,

When I lost my Lucianne!'

Sighing through his smiles, our hero turned once more to the descent. Half-way down he happened upon a huddled, hoary, grey-bearded old man, who was sitting alone doing nothing and yet somehow contriving to give the air of being extremely busy.

Struck by his patriarchal appearance, the Quartermaster ejaculated without thinking "Methuselah!" "No, I fear you have made a mistake," said the other. "I am merely the Adjutant of the 115th Battalion R.W.F. I am here in pursuance of A.R.O. 44,444, which directs that no officer shall be demobilised upon the conclusion of hostilities until he has cleared up his outstanding correspondence. I have one or two matters still to attend to, but I hope to catch the Calais boat the year after next. This, for example, has just come in." With that he handed the Quartermaster a pink form, which the latter read as follows:—

"Sender's No. SOS/307.

Reference my XYZ/8888 of 19/9/17 (Series Esses—Toc vol. XXIX) please state whether one ordinary ration has been under-drawn in respect of the one Iron Ration consumed by Pte. William Williams Williams when holding an isolated post in the Ypres Salient for 102 days against a whole German battalion which subsequently took him prisoner AAA. As the war was finished 50 years ago it is thought that there has been some delay in dealing with this matter AAA Addressed O.C. 115th Battalion R.W.F. rptd. German Emperor, Charlie Chaplin, Captain Duffield."

The Quartermaster let the paper fall from his trembling hands and

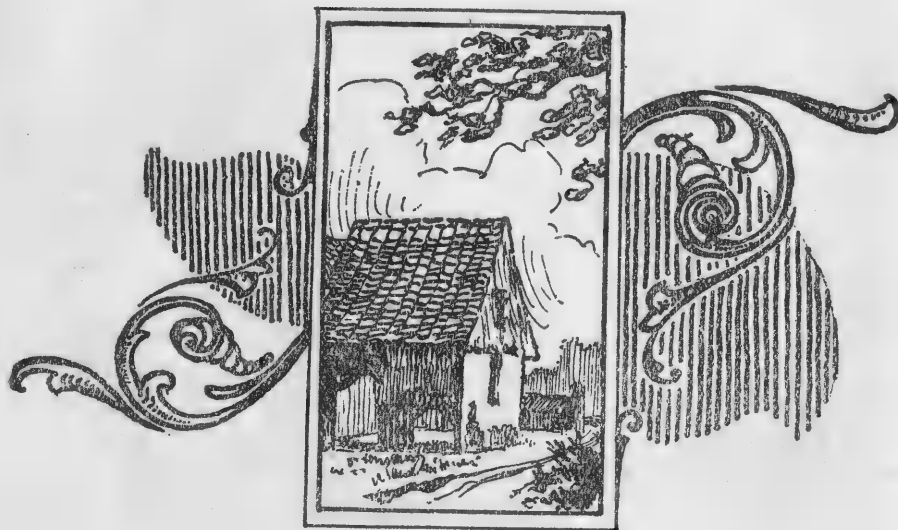
reeled backwards. Once more he lost all consciousness of Time and Space and felt himself carried aloft on cherub wings to that bourne from which no traveller sends Returns. Angelic music surged about him. Low voices sang soft lullabies, and he found himself joining half unconsciously in the words of a refrain:—

"When the Quarters mast no longer  
On that far celestial shore  
Where the 'Q' staff cease from  
troubling,  
And there ain't no Henry Hoare."

\* \* ■ \* \* \* \* \*

It was the last two words which woke him up just in time to hear the orderly say, "Excuse me, sir, the Supply Officer has come to inspect surplus rations.

R. O.

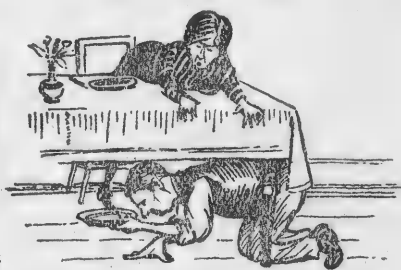




# Corporal Morgan home for good.



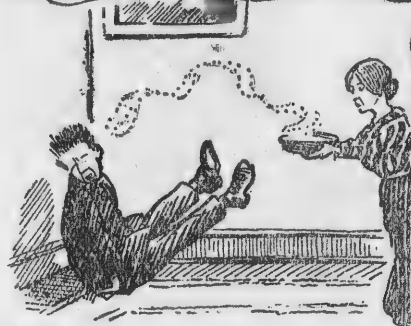
He will dine in trench fashion, and will hunt for cracks in the flooring to pour down the surplus soup.



He will adopt campaign style of resting: and



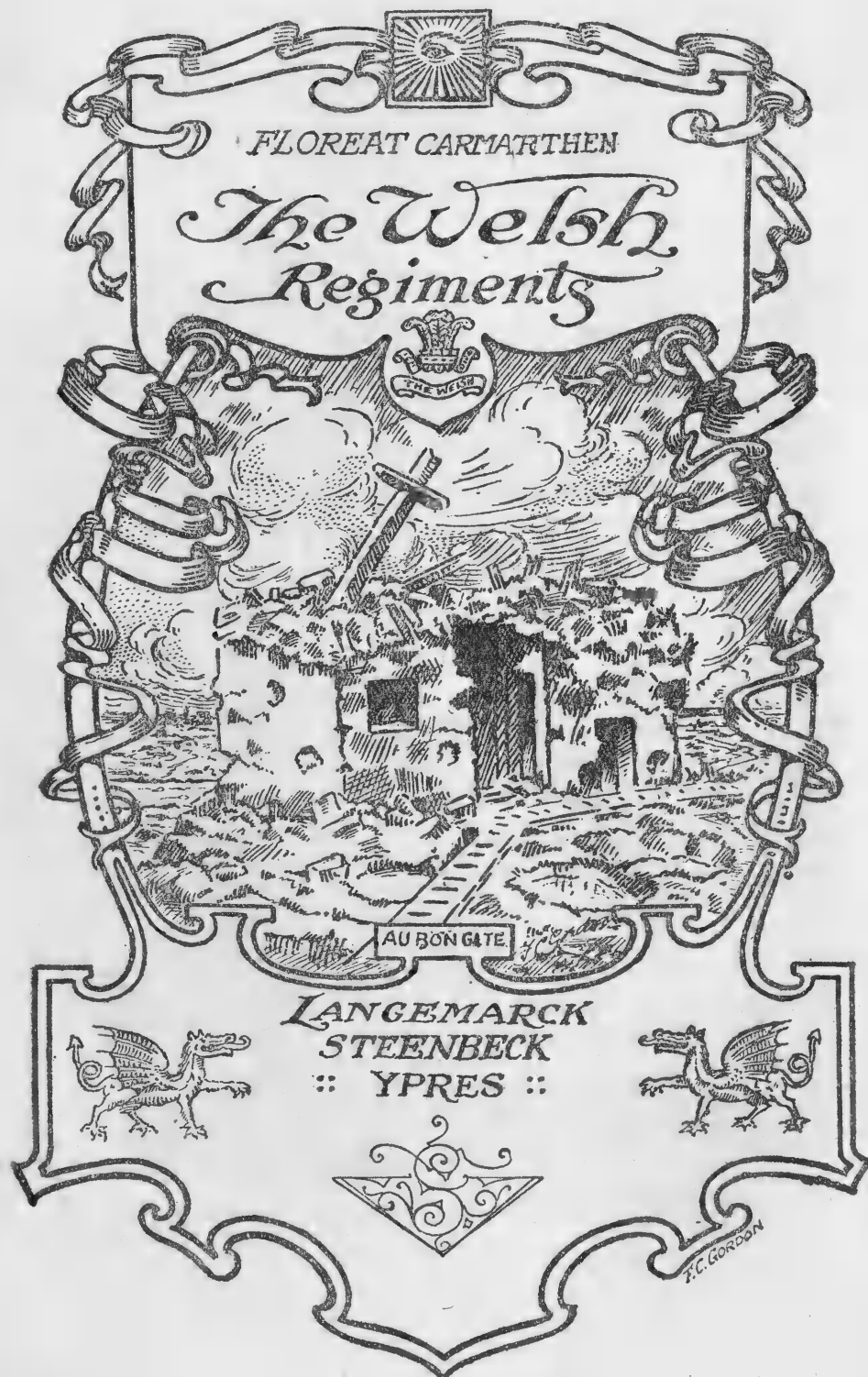
walk about, with the dugout sloop.



The smell of stew will cause him to faint, and the



grocer, who recommends him corned beef, will die suddenly.



## The Welsh.

**B**ORDERERS, Welsh and Fusiliers,  
Guns and Mortars and Engineers,  
Machine-gun wallahs and Pioneers,  
We're the Welsh, the 38th.

Swansea and Cardiff and Pwllheli,  
Rhondda and Merthyr and Cydweli,  
Aberteifi and Abergele,  
Sent the Welsh, the 38th.

Givenchy, Wipers, and Neuve Chapelle,  
Mametz, Pilkem, and La Boisselle,  
And as near as be damned too, Poelcapelle,  
Saw the Welsh, the 38th.

Saxon, Prussian, Bavarian,  
Wurtemburger, Westphalian,  
Jager and Brandenburger ran  
From the Welsh, the 38th.

And in 1920 I'd like to bet,  
When our seventh offensive is getting set,  
On the last objective and further yet  
You'll find Wales, and the 38th.

TOK EMMA.



## “Side Shows - 1916.”

WE were covering the left battalion of the Expeditionary Force ; we were, in fact, the left-hand battery of the whole British Army. This, in its way, was a post of honour, but it was also one that required considerable tact, for close to a main road which we shared with them, our Allies had established a large dump of building material—timber, cement, fascines, steel rails, and so on. Now we had been long enough in this country to know that it was generally easier and always quicker to ‘find’ things than to get them by means of the orthodox ‘indent.’ Moreover, there were quite a number of N.C.O’s in the battery who were adepts at this art of ‘finding’ things. Wherefore, after emerging morally and mentally exhausted from an awkward interview with an eloquent and by no means easily propitiated Belgian sergeant, I decreed very firmly that our Allies were not to be considered as fair game.

In a short time our mutual relations were of the friendliest nature, and I congratulated myself that it was my doing. I was quite wrong. One day I discovered three dozen slabs of reinforced concrete which I knew to be of Belgian make, lying in our gun position. I summoned the senior sergeant.

“I thought I had forbidden any pinching of Belgian material,” I said, angrily.

“They weren’t pinched, they were given to us, Sir.”

“Explain,” I demanded, knowing from experience that much lay behind this simple statement.

“Well, Sir, he’s a decent chap that Beljum Sergeant, and he came in last night to ask for a couple of our empty cartridge cases—he carves ’em lovely. He talks a bit of English—and he likes a drop of beer : a new barrel came up last night, you know, Sir. Well that’s all there is to it. He’ll let us have some cement to-morrow, he says.”

Curious that men should barter brass cartridge cases (the property of one government) for concrete slabs (the property of another) ; less curious, perhaps, that they should clinch the bargain over a homely pot of beer. Thus does the Entente thrive. I wonder if the Bulgar does it with the Prussian !

In the particular position which we were occupying the guns were not all together. Four were in or about the remains of a farm house, the other two were further back in what was once a pretty village. There are, of course, immense possibilities in a village, even a ruined one. In the first place it is easy to conceal your work. Material is near at hand ; bricks are there in abundance of course, but there are besides many other useful and ornamental things. There are door and window frames, for instance — and occasionally diligent search produces an uncracked pane of glass ; there are tables and chairs, perhaps a mirror or two, and, if the gods are very kind, even a spring mattress.

The N.C.O’s and men of this section, therefore, were well content with life. They spent their working hours strengthening their pits and dug-outs,

their spare time was occupied in grubbing about the village in search of articles which would add to their comfort in the long winter evenings which were coming. Moreover, they developed a mania for painting everything. To the stranger walking down the ruined main street it would have come as something of a shock to be suddenly confronted with the skeleton of a house with freshly painted green shutters, an unbroken glass window behind which was a white lace curtain and the words 'Home-land' on a scroll above the half-open door. The flicker of a fire within, and the smell of roasting beef would have completed the effect of comfort, almost of luxury. This was the living-room of No. 6 gun detachment.

We had discovered that the battery boasted a professional sign-painter, and his talent was utilized to the utmost. Everything was labelled—gun-pits, dug-outs, (Ivy Cottage and Church View were two of these), cook-houses and bath-room. The latter bore the legend "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" on its white door. This, in a fit of foolish levity, was by my order. A few days later I found above the entrance to the signallers' lair a board thus inscribed:—

'You may telephone from here,

'But *not* to Cardiff.'

I began to wonder what they would put over the new meat safe!

The senior N.C.O. of the section in the village was one Sergeant Pidges. He had not been long in the battery and had been handed over to me by his late C.O. with these kindly words of warning:—"You must watch Pidges or he'll get you into trouble."

"How?" I asked.

"Because" was the answer, "he'll

pinch anything from a bag of nails to a general's horse or the lamps off a staff motor car. I consider him the best 'finder' of material in this division—which presumably means in the army."

Pidges justified his reputation. When we first occupied the position, things were dull for him. There was a vast quantity of R.E. material lying about in the village *and no guard*. Considering it too easy a job, Pidges scorned to take anything (except of course what he actually needed at the moment). But others were less scrupulous. Thirteen barrels of cement disappeared one night, and an enraged sapper officer accused Pidges to his face and reported the matter to me. Further he placed a guard in the village. Pidges, aggrieved at being (for once) wrongfully accused and stimulated no doubt by the presence of the guard, was put upon his mettle. For three days nothing further was missed, and the whole incident seemed forgotten. Then one morning the sapper officer met me in the street. "Look here," he said, "I'm going to report you to the C.R.E."

"Whatever for?" I asked, quaking inwardly.

"Well, it's a bit too thick; we've been two days building a wall inside that house there"—he pointed to a ruin which was being prepared for defence—"and this morning I find the whole of it pulled down and removed—no doubt to your gun-pits."

"But, my good man," I expostulated, "there are tons and tons of bricks and rubble lying about. You don't suppose my men would sit up all night knocking down masonry for nothing, do you? And besides, what was your guard doing?"

"Watching the other end, by the church, they say. But anyway I'm going to stop this."

There was only one thing to do in such circumstances. I took the sapper by the arm.

"Look here," I said. "You'd better come to dinner to-night and talk it over. I've had some grouse sent me that want eating."

He looked me square in the face, and I caught a glint of amusement in his eyes.

"Righto," he said. "What time?"

The situation was saved. But how Pidges demolished that wall and what he did with its remains has never transpired.

Do not imagine, however, that because we were not at the time engaged in the 'Great Push' we had nothing else to do but steal each other's bricks and girders. All the usual, and often strenuous, routine of trench warfare went on. For the subalterns there was the eternal round—battery duty, O.P. duty, rest—only there was less rest now because the detached section was the especial care of the subaltern 'off duty.'

The signallers still did their long spells at the telephone, or, if they were linesmen, crawled along the wires through mud and water. And the detachments?—well of sandbags there was *never* a shortage and the soil of Belgium was not *all* used up! Moreover, the war was always with us, even in those parts. It was necessary to be vigilant and to return with interest anything that the Boche might see fit to send over. The gunners were not likely to get out of practice!

\* \* \* \* \*

The war correspondents (who know these things) told us that the German

High Command was becoming hard put to it to find men; they gave details of the number of Divisions "broken" on the Somme, and they described how fresh units were hurried down there and disorganised ones sent back to quiet parts of the line. This information they obtained in discreet quantities from G.H.Q. I suppose. But of the question of how it got to G.H.Q. they spoke little.

Here is one way. Let us follow the fortunes of the (imaginary) 941st Bavarian Division. This unit suffered heavy losses during the combined Franco-British attack which resulted in the capture of Combles. With its ranks much depleted and its moral badly shaken it was withdrawn to the rear to rest. At the end of a fortnight it was provided with drafts of varying quantity, by no means large enough to bring it up to full establishment. It then entrained and proceeded north, detrained, and marched into the reserve area. After a further ten days' rest and the arrival of more weak drafts, it was moved into the line to relieve the 378th (Guards) division which was destined for the Somme.

Assuming that a German relief is not unlike an English one, we can picture an incoming battalion commander asking:—

"What's it like here?"

"Oh! not so bad," says the outgoing one. "The damned English are over the way, but they are fairly quiet unless they are stirred up—too busy down south to do much I suppose. There's a spot in our front line, though, that I must show you. The wire is a bit thin there, and they've been bashing it about lately. It might mean a raid at some time. What's the Somme like?"

"Hell!" is the brief answer.

Four days later, and a change of scene. At Left Group (British) Headquarters our energetic colonel sits at the head of a long table with a trench map and numerous aeroplane photographs in front of him. Round the table are seated all his battery commanders and some infantry officers.

"I think everything's clear," says the colonel. "The raiding party will leave our trenches here," (he points on the map) "crawl across No Man's Land close to this ditch, and wait there, while we do the three minutes' preliminary bombardment. When we 'lift' they'll enter the Boche trenches here—I'll have the wire cut to-morrow—be in about ten minutes and retire by this route. We'll put up a heavy barrage all round the spot to damp the enthusiasm of any Boches who think about counter-attacking from the flanks or rear. I'll have an officer in our front line who will be in direct communication with me so that I can either prolong or shorten the period of the barrage according to circumstances. Is there anything else?"

"One small point, Sir," observes an infantry officer. "I was out reconnoitring the ground last night and it struck me that it would be possible for us to creep up a good deal closer while your bombardment is going on. That would leave us with less distance to cover when you lift."

The colonel looks hard at the infantry subaltern, and then even harder at the map.

"It's a bare hundred yards now," he says. "To go any closer would be risky—we might get a short round or two, you know."

"We'll trust you, Sir," replies the subaltern, with the reckless confidence

of extreme youth. And the conference breaks up.

With reference to the colonel's parenthetical statement "I'll have the wire cut in the morning," I may here remark that this is never so simple a job as it sounds. In this case it meant pulling Sergeant Pidges' gun out of its pit, taking it up at night together with two wagons of ammunition to a wholly unprotected (though more or less concealed) spot barely a mile from the German lines, working all night to make a firm platform for it, and connecting it by telephone with a suitable O.P. The wire in front of the German parapet at the chosen point had been considerably thinned by heavy artillery and trench mortar fire, and all that was required was to make certain that there was a clear gap through it.

The shoot took about an hour and a quarter. At the end of an hour the Boche "found" the gun by its flash and started to shell it. From the O.P. I heard his first round go whistling over and, thanking Heaven that I had only a few more shots to fire, I increased my rate. Two minutes afterwards another Boche shell went over, then another—a dud.

I summoned the Infant, who was in charge of the gun, to the telephone.

"Take the sights and instruments and hop it, quick," I said.

"Righto," came from his end. "I'll just put in three rounds gun fire first to finish with." And he was gone before I could tell him to do no such thing.

The enemy shelled that spot methodically for three quarters of an hour, during which time the Infant, Pidges, and the detachment sat in a strong dug-out some two hundred yards away and smoked peacefully.



When it was over they returned to investigate, and found that though there were shell craters all round the gun, no damage had resulted. They then returned contentedly to dinner. From the O.P. I could see that there was a clean gap in the wire. . . .

A quarter of an hour before the bombardment is timed to begin, the Infant, now on battery duty, goes round to inspect each of the four guns. All possible calculations have been previously made—for gunnery is an offensively scientific affair in these days: temperature, barometric pressure and wind have all to be allowed for. The Infant looks over the sights to make certain that the cross wires are exactly laid on the little slit of light which shows from the lamp in front; he checks angles, ranges, fuzes. Then he returns to the telephone dug-out, watch in hand, and waits. At one minute to the time he puts his mouth to the small box from which the voice-tubes ardate to the guns and calls:—

“Are you all ready?”

“Number One ready, Sir—Two, ready, Sir,” etc., comes back through the tubes.

Quarter of a minute to go. His eye is on the second hand of his watch. . . .

Meanwhile two miles or so further forward the raiding party has crept out through our own wire and has stolen half way across No Man’s Land to a convenient ditch, there to await the moment of the preliminary bombardment.

It is a quiet night—as quiet, that is, as any night ever is on the front. A breeze rustles the long grass of No Man’s Land, a machine gun occasionally stutters fiercely for a moment or two, far away to the right there is the muffled rumble of guns—perhaps

another raid is in progress there. In our own front line, close to the ‘point of exit’ an artillery subaltern and two telephonists crouch low over their instrument. They are connected direct to our colonel at his headquarters, and they have already sent the code word meaning ‘The raiders have left our trenches.’ Near them is the battalion signalling station connected by wire with the raiders.

In No Man’s Land the ground is wet and the wind is cold. The raiding officer (whose age is nineteen and a half and whose face, when not blackened, is that of a cherub) looks at his wrist watch—a minute to go. This being his fifth raid he is not nervous, only excited and a little chilled. A Very Light whirrs up from the German lines and illuminates the ground all round his party. But the men are lying flat and remain motionless. “Good,” mutters the subaltern, “there won’t be another now before the show starts.”

Suddenly there is a swooping rush in the air over his head and a series of blinding flashes immediately in front. Exactly on time the bombardment has begun. The raiders begin to crawl forward; it is their object to get as close as possible to the hostile parapet before the bombardment ‘lifts’ to let them enter. They have three minutes to do it in. The ground is much cut up with shell holes, all of which are full of water; and the mud is thick and holding; progress is difficult. Very Lights soar upwards, three or four at a time, but these are all on the flanks of the objective. Immediately in front the darkness is only stabbed by the flashes of the bursting shrapnel. Apparently no German is cool enough to remain just *there* to throw up lights. The raiders crawl on until at last they seem

to be right under the burst of their own shells, and they can hear the vicious "phutt" of the bullets striking just in front of them. Further than this they dare not go—yet. . . .

Back at the Battery the voice of the Infant roars down the tubes "Stop—All guns add one hundred—go on."

There is a pause of a few seconds only—while the new range is put on and fresh shells slapped into the smoking bores. Then with a flash and a roar the battery opens fire again. But those seconds during which the swish and crash and hiss above his head cease give the raiding officer his cue.

He leaps to his feet.

"In now, quick," he calls and stumbles forward over the muddy ground.

They are through the gap in the wire, over the battered parapet and into the trench before the bewildered foe realizes that the barrage has lifted. Meanwhile the code words for 'Raiders have entered hostile trenches' have gone back by telephone.

Each man has his appointed task, each goes straight to work; the blockers, bombers and bayonet men turn outwards down the trench; each small party has a definite objective, and in three minutes every entrance to the invaded area is blocked. The remainder, searching the isolated trenches and dug-outs, find amongst the chaos (for the bombardment had been heavy) one badly wounded and four dead Germans from whom are taken papers, letters, shoulder straps and identity discs. Two slightly wounded and three unwounded are made prisoners and bundled out into No Man's Land at the point of the bayonet by the escort. The whole affair lasts eight minutes. Then the

subaltern blows his whistle (the signal to get clear) and the call is taken up by every N.C.O. All this time, it must be noted, the batteries in rear are firing steadily on both flanks of the raiders and over their heads; there is small chance for the enemy to bring up reinforcements.

The raiding officer stands at the exit and watches his party leave.

"All clear from the right, Sir," reports a sergeant as he passes out.

"All clear from the left," says the corporal in charge of that flank, "less Jones killed. Davies here is hit in the thigh, but we'll get him across all right. We've got a machine gun too."

The whole party spreads out as soon as it is through the wire and begins to move diagonally across towards our own line. But by now the hostile batteries are retaliating on our parapet, and the raiders are forced to 'lie up' in a wet ditch for nearly half an hour before they can creep on towards safety. Instinct, added to a minute knowledge of the topography of No Man's Land, enables the subaltern to guide his men to the 'point of re-entry' and get them back in to the trenches, prisoners and all, without further casualties. It has been a neat job and the losses slight. . . .

The artillery officer in the front line was extremely relieved when at last the moment came to report 'Raiders have returned.' He had a nerve-wracking time squatting in a wet trench in the thick of the hostile barrage, all his telephone wires cut by shell fire and his only means of communication a flash lamp—which of course drew fire. Eventually the bombardment on both sides died down, and the night became 'normal' again and he was able to return to Battalion Headquarters and

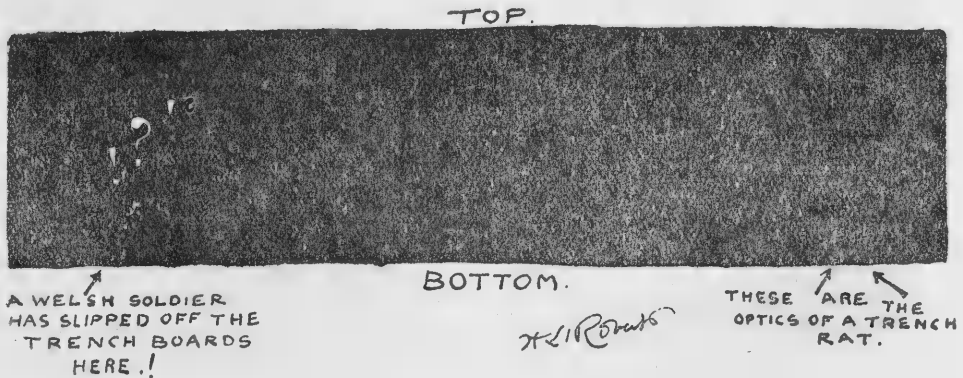
hear the result of the night's work. . . .

A brief account of the operation together with a report on the examination of the prisoners reached G.H.Q. next morning. And the Intelligence branch of the Staff was able to note the interesting fact that the 941st Division (known to have been withdrawn from the Somme on such a such a date) was now holding the line at ——. Later the newspapers duly reported :—"Last night we entered the enemy's trenches opposite ——, inflicting casualties and capturing a machine gun and several prisoners."

The episode had resulted in the death of certainly four (and possibly more) Germans and in the capture of five others. Private Jones had been killed and Lance Corporal Davies provided with a not too painful "free pass to Blighty." The raiding officer had still further enhanced his reputation, and G.H.Q. was now positive of the location of the 941st (Bavarian) Division. Presumably the balance was on our side of the ledger. This particular side-show had been thoroughly successful.

JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.

## The Trenches by Night.



# A yw'n rhywbeth i chwi?

**A** YW'N rhywbeth i chwi  
Fod prydydd di-nod yng Nghymru dlos  
Yn cofio am danoch, o fore tan nos,  
Acyn fynych o'r nos tan y bore?

A yw'n rhywbeth i chwi  
Na chlyw un a glywsai'r adar gynt  
Ond eco'r ergydion yn dod gyda'r gwynt,  
(A swm ocheneidiau gwan yn y gwynt)  
O Ffrainc ac o dywod y Dwyrain?

A yw'n rhywbeth i chwi  
Fod rhywun yng Nghymru a'i ddagrau'n lli  
Wrth gofio eich hiraeth di-ddagrau chwi  
Ac angerdd eich breuddwyd am gartref?

A yw'n rhywbeth i chwi  
Fod calon yng Nghymru ar dorri'n llwyr  
Wrth gofio am danoch o'r bore i'r hwyr,  
Ac yn fynych o'r hwyr hyd y bore?

*Tachwedd, 1917.*

WIL IFAN.

*(Translation.)*

# Is it anything to you?

**I**S it anything to you  
That in fair Wales a humble poet  
Remembers you from morn till night  
And often, too, from night till morn?

Is it anything to you  
That the birds no longer sing  
For one to whom the wind brings nought  
Save sounds of cannon and low moaning  
From France and from the Eastern Sands?

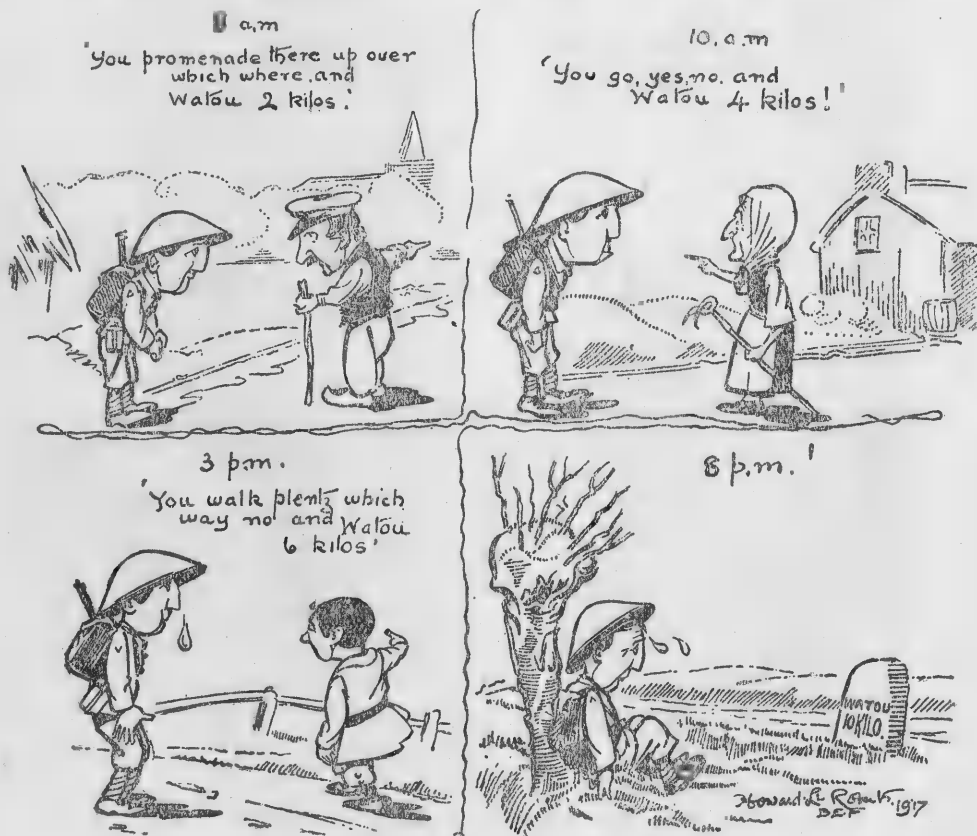
Is it anything to you  
That there is one in Wales who weeps—  
Remembering your tearless longing  
And your vivid dreams of Home?

Is it anything to you  
That a heart in Wales is nearly breaking  
Thinking of you from morn till night,  
And often, too, from night till morn?

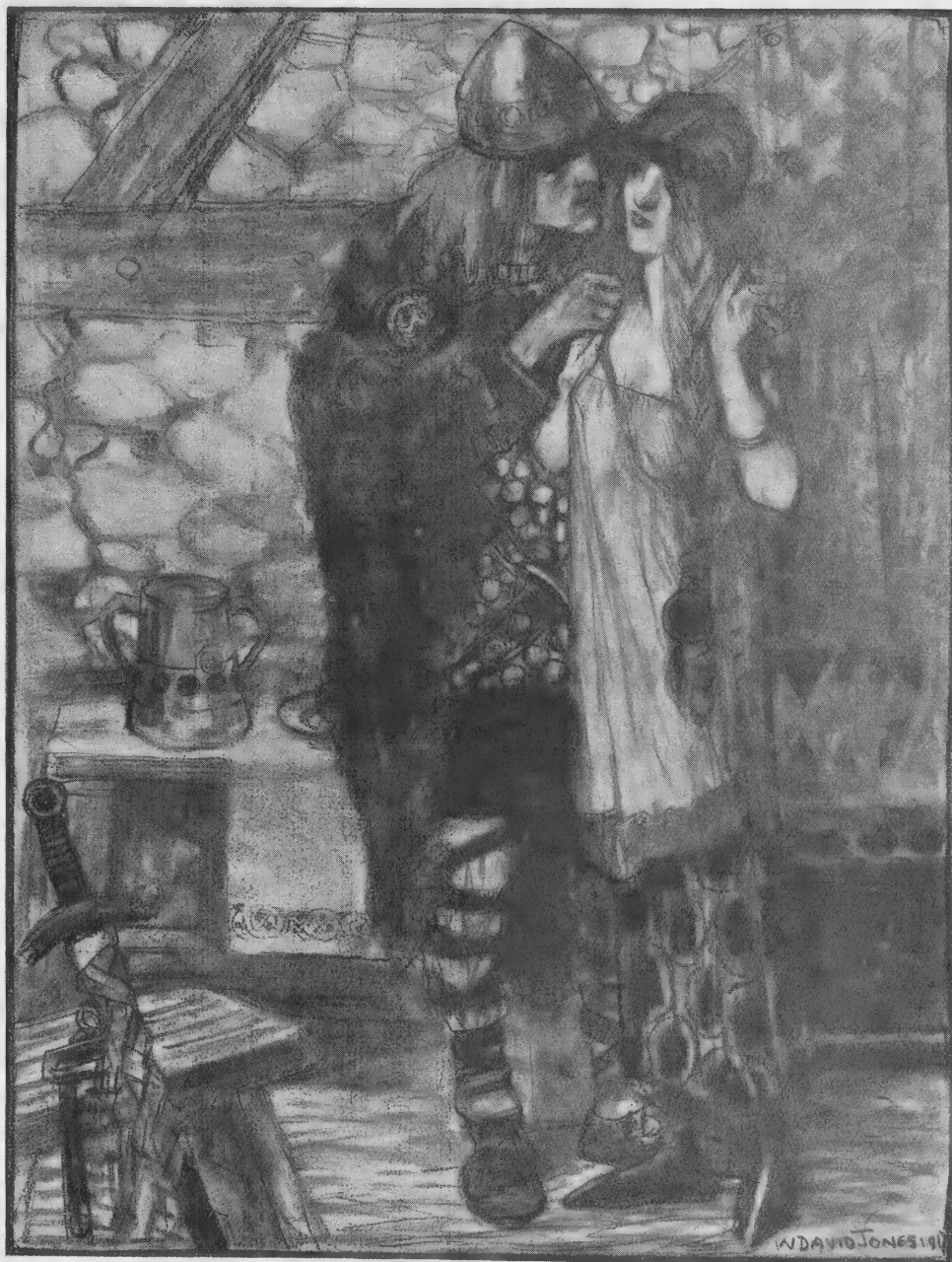


## Don'ts for Soldiers and Civilians in Khaki.

- DON'T go outside the door of your hut without a P.H. if you are only four or five miles behind the line. There may be a gas attack.
- DON'T stay out after Roll-Call. You may fall into evil ways.
- DON'T take a walk by yourself in "No-Man's-Land." You may fall into a shell hole and get your nice khaki suit wet.
- DON'T argue with the cooks. If they say it's tea it must be tea.
- DON'T swear when you speak over the 'phone. The Germans may hear you, and we don't want to shock them, poor things.
- DON'T take under-clothing from the Bath without previously ascertaining that it is already uninhabited.
- DON'T tell anybody about your bravery in the last offensive. You may be speaking to someone who was there.
- DON'T spend half your money in an estaminet. Spend the whole of it.
- DON'T drink your rum issue, if you are a signaller, before going on duty. It may make you sleep more soundly than you usually do.



Which Way to Watou ?



FROM THE WARS. 917.



FROM THE WARS, 1917.

# Omar Up-to-date.

## Two Adaptations.

### I.

**W**AKE! For the Siren with its  
Brazen Tongue,  
Its dreaded warning to the  
Night has flung,  
And Special Constables patrol the street  
Crying 'TAKE COVER, for the  
raid's begun.'

Ere yet the brilliance of the Moonlight  
died  
Methought a voice without my dwell-  
ing cried,  
'When Safety can be found for all  
within,  
Why lags the Rash Pedestrian out-  
side?'

And in the Silence ONE that stood  
before  
The Tube made answer—'Open then  
'the Door.'  
You know how little while we have to  
find  
A Refuge where we may remain  
secure!

Whether at Sydenham Hill or Ken-  
sington,  
Whether to Tube or Underground  
we run,  
We see the Shrapnel bursting in the  
sky,  
We hear the bombs exploding one by  
one.

And you Revolving Light whose  
Slender Gleam  
Pierces the SKY above us is no  
Dream,  
Attend upon it lightly, for—who  
knows?—  
Our very Lives may hang upon its  
Beam.

One 'To the shelter of the Hall!' and  
One  
Cries 'To the Refuge of the Cellar  
run.'  
Ah! Make a dash for Safety down  
Below  
At the first rumble of the distant  
Gun.

The Moving Raider strikes, and, having  
hit  
His mark or missed, moves on, nor  
all his Wit  
Can indicate the spot his Bomb shall  
fall,  
Nor all his skill direct the Line of it.

The Bomb no question makes of Ayes  
or Noes,  
But Right or Left, as Chance decrees,  
it goes;  
And he that dropped it downward from  
the Sky—  
He least of all it's Destination knows.



Each Moon an hundred Raiders brings  
you say ;

But canst thou blame the Moon at  
bright mid-day ?

Oh ! harken to the voice of an old  
friend

And pack thy trunk at once, and  
come and stay

With me behind the Belt of Barrage  
thrown,

That separates the Country from the  
Town.

Where name of Raid and Raider is  
forgot,

And Peace and Quietness hold it for  
their own.

A Concrete Basement Underneath the  
Ground,

A Building overhead through which  
no Sound

Can penetrate, wherein from Gun and  
Bomb

Alike a perfect Refuge can be found.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
For my Health's sake a seaside Town  
in Kent ;

It needed but one Raider to convince  
Me I was safer home, so home I went.

And all the Politicians who discussed  
The Ethics of Reprisals should be  
thrust

Into the open where the Heaviest Bombs  
Are scattered ; for they have be-  
trayed their trust.

Perplexed alike by Statesman and  
Divine,

Who ever wrangle when they should  
Resign,

Let us at least Retaliate or Forbid  
Such Chicken-hearted Ministers to  
Whine.

We must Ourselves with Guns and  
Lights provide

To Girdle us about on every Side,  
For certain 'tis we never shall be safe  
Till each and every method has been  
tried.

Surely from our Defences such a Snare  
Of Shrapnel can be flung into the Air  
As not a German Raider passing by  
But shall be overtaken unaware.

And if by some Mischance there be a  
Mode

To circumvent us, and One find the  
Road,

And on his Murd'rous Errand drop a  
Bomb

Where stands my Dwelling, may it  
not explode !

And now the Moon is sinking in the  
West,

The Gunfire dies, and our UN-  
welcome Guest

Departs to leave the Watchers to  
Themselves,

Who one by one creep Silently to  
Rest.

"ALL CLEAR."

V. L. E.

## II.

A leaky dugout ranged on by a How  
A Dead Hun and a Burberry and now  
Orders to go and reconnoitre wire,  
Oh ! Menin Gate where Paradise enou'.

Myself when young did eagerly perspire  
Through mile on weary mile of trench  
and mire

Keeping communication, but now I  
Write on the messages "Late—through  
broken wire."

The D.3 wire men set their hopes upon  
Goes "disc" or else it prospers, and  
anon

There comes a party to repair the  
trench,  
And in the morning, lo! your wire is  
gone.

Wake! for the rain has put the stars to  
flight;  
Wake! for 'tis still the middle of the  
night;  
The barrage opens and the Hun has  
caught  
The raiding party with a Very Light.

There is a trench where I'm supposed  
to be,

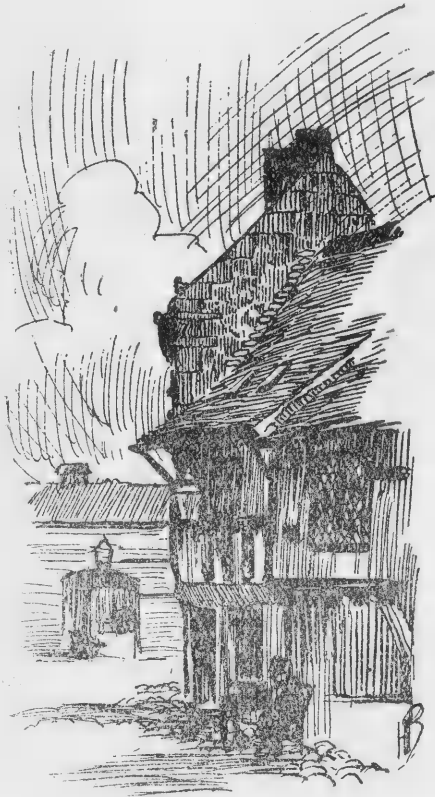
There is a barrage down on my O.P.;  
A little talk there was twixt thee and  
me,

And then no more awhile twixt me and  
thee.

The BM's finger writes, and having writ,  
Moves on—nor all your blasphemy nor  
wit

Can call it back to ask it what it means,  
Nor all your brains make out a word of  
it.

H. J. G.



## About to Marry.

THE young man entered the parlour of the lady spiritualist and passed the preliminary fee into that expectant mystic's hand.

"I am about to marry," he remarked; "but please do not give the classic retort, I know it."

He was deemed a bright young man in his trade of journalist, for the Press was his god. Indeed he was so far bonded that his whole life was ordered like a newspaper.

"I desire to interview," the young man went on, "certain of the most famous husbands in history, so that I may consult them as to the proper treatment of a wife. I believe in benefiting by the experience of our forefathers."

"My charge," said the fair mage, "is one guinea per spirit interviewed."

"Very well," replied he. "My first is Julius Cæsar."

The room was suddenly darkened by a pass of the charmer's hand over a switch. There was an agitation as of a breeze among the heavy curtains in the depths of the room and querulous sounds were heard.

"Is that General Julius Cæsar?" asked the reporter. "It is; and I can offer no opinion on the present war, understand."

"It is not that; it's about your wife."

"I do not talk scandal," declared the famous warrior; nor would he speak more. The room suddenly became light.

"My second," said the youth, "is Potiphar."

The mystic processes were repeated.

"Please, Mr. Potiphar, will you give me your opinion on wives?"

"We are severely censored over here," replied a voice, and the rest was silence.

The disappointed young pressman glanced at the list of husbands; there remained three names, Socrates, Henry VIII, and Bluebeard, and he had only two more guineas.

"Can you get Bluebeard?" he asked, tentatively.

"We do not deal in fictional characters," said the medium acidly, "our spirits are guaranteed genuine."

"Well, Henry VIII?"

The worthy king was laconic.

"Kill 'em," was the royal dictum; "kindly if possible."

The young man despaired of any real help, but nevertheless his last guinea was staked on Socrates.

The Greek seer was very prolix. He started rapidly and in a low tone so that his words could hardly be distinguished. He quoted many authorities, gave references, and on the whole it was a thoroughly scholarly discourse which worked up to an eloquent peroration, rendered in ancient Greek, a subject not obligatory at our Board Schools. So the young man fell back on the distained but soundest advice of all, Mr. Punch's—"Don't."

ROBERT AUGUSTIN.

## A Few Levels by U. Tube.

A COLONEL, by name of ——  
 Called for authors to clothe the  
     dry bones  
     Of a magazine for  
     One year of the War,  
 He read that which follows with  
     groans.

Another by name ——,  
 Thought gold on his tabs would  
     look nice :  
     As the tabs had got frayed,  
     So he took a Brigade—  
 Well ! of luck he had earned a fair  
     slice

A General, —— by name,  
 Already has lept into fame,  
     He has raided the Hun ;  
     But he's only begun—  
 By and bye he'll repeatle the same.

We welcome a new Brigadier  
 Whose reckon'd to be no small  
     beer,  
     In fact I have heard  
     He's bit of a bird :  
 D'ye get me ? Well, give him a  
     cheer.

There's a Major weil known in  
     Branch 'G,'

We're always delighted so see,  
     A Burns or a Smollett  
     Might find rhymes for a ——,  
 His nomenclature quite defeats me.

An optimist, cheerful, called ——,  
 For killing of Huns has a craze.  
     His face is quite thin  
     For rubbing his chin  
 Is one of his quaint little ways.

In 'Q' there's a Major called ——,  
 And a little bird whispered to me,  
     He's red hot at Polo,  
     And may be at Solo :  
 Be careful ! Take warning by me.

All know who takes many a chance  
 Of piping the Hun his Death Dance,  
     Tho' his Hair's shewing grey,  
     He has won all the way,  
 For he's got the best gunners in  
     France.

But there's one at the top of the tree  
 Whom we'll follow as far as the  
     Spree,  
     For I simply can't tell  
     The particular hell  
 He's hatched for the Hun or for—  
     me.





## MULTUM IN PARVO.

With apologies to our influential contemporary *The Daily Reflector*.

### *Official.*

Was talking with a well-known staff officer yesterday. He tells me that great things are expected of the Welsh Division in the offensives of 1918, 1919, and 1920. After that the Division will get five years rest previous to taking up more work of an offensive character.

### *Watch the 38th.*

Apropos the above, rumours have it that the 38th Division is going to Russia, Italy, Salonika, and England, for Coast Defence. All at the same time of course. As usual I have inside information. I know, but I shan't tell you anything until after it's happened. Sure thing.

### *Unusual Holiday.*

Met Brigadier-General P. D. yesterday. He looks quite well, and I hear that he is thinking of spending a holiday in a bungalow at LANGEMARCKE. I hear, too, that at the present time it is much warmer at PASSCHENDALE, so I should not be surprised to learn that he has gone there instead.

### *Fashions.*

Have you noticed the latest fashion? I mean the wearing of a red dragon on the sleeve. I thought it must be to celebrate the entry of CHINA into the War, but I am told on excellent authority that it is to distinguish the strafers of the Cockchafer. What a drag-on the Prussian-Guards' Reputation!

### *Topic of the Day.*

Heard the following conversation over the 'phone the other day:—

XY. "Hello. A.B. OK?"

AB "Yes OK."

XY "I say what about the rum issue to-night?"

Voice interrupting. "What's that?"

AB. "Hello XY. I think that blighter must have smelt that."

### *Memories.*

This morning a warrior friend showed me a sketch of AU BON GITE. Picture for yourself the tender memories it recalled.

*More Memories.*

By the way I wonder if that confounded P.B. man who inhabited AU BON GITE is still droning away on that tortuous instrument of his. He appeared to me to be as much a fixture as the dug-out.

*A New Society.*

Mr. ——— was in the Mess yesterday, and looked well in a new tunic with collar to match. He tells me that he is starting a society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Sergeant Majors. I wished him every success in his interesting venture.

*Another Mystery.*

I am told by a little girl that the blue and white brassard means that the wearer has been through two wars. Another young lady is confident that it means that the wearer has been wounded in France. If any reader can

enlighten me I should be glad to hear from him. Two ration cigarettes for the best solution.

*The Drink Question.*

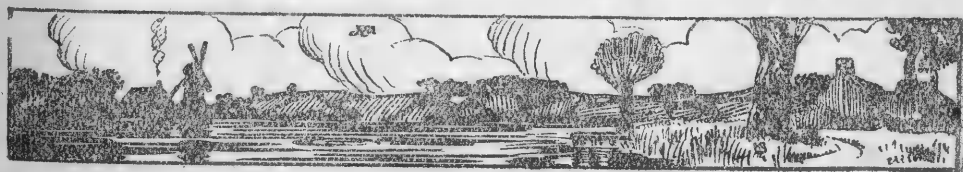
I have noticed that some of the men in a village not a hundred miles from here, are more sober than they used to be. It would be interesting to know whether they have exhausted their pay or whether the breweries are unable to cope with the demand.

*Cookery.*

Giant strides are being made by our cooks in France. A war-worn cook told me that Rissoles are simply the craze, while "Sand-bag Duff" comes next in popular favour.

I wonder how the latest victims have enjoyed their re-inoculation?

THE BATMAN.



## “The Tot.”

O GLORIOUS exhilarating Elixir, how often have I approached the well of thy bounteous effulgence! I am awed at thy magnificence, my whole being tingles with scarce controlled excitement at the anticipation of thy caress! Mine eyes bulge from out their sockets as I behold the glittering, scintillating cascade of thine outpouring, the tawny stream of thy drops chasing each other, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to meet and become one again in thy depths of starry splendour.

Stay! what divine fragrance is this that assails my nostrils, renders me oblivious of all the world, uplifts me and transports me to the very gates of Paradise? The Presence behind the cruse bids me drink. I stretch forth my arm and grasp the cup. A sudden, overwhelming thought strikes me—perchance my arm may have lost its strength! What terrible fate will then be mine. I nerve myself for the ordeal and grasp the cup more firmly, the space from source to mouth is safely bridged and I am at liberty to taste thine exotic sweetness.

I curl my lips lovingly round the brim, throw back my head, tilt the cup and drink. Thine omnipotent spirit gurgles and flashes down my throat, searching out every nook and cranny, with its sensuous fire, suffusing and animating my whole body with glowing warmth and vitality. As I hand back the cup to the Presence, my mind seems tuned to an indefinable pitch of pre-eminence. I seem above mortal men.

Gradually I seem to be hovering subconsciously o'er a sea of earthly

material things. Incredible that once I belonged to that drab soulless crowd! I am now floating in a world of splendid visions at once soothing and yet exhilarating to my turbulent and excited soul. This truly is Paradise, this truly is the Garden of Eden, the El Dorado and Crowning Glory of mine existence.

O most exquisite sensation, exist for ever! O most beautiful and flowery world exist for ever!

But there appears behind this chaotic brightness a thin misty darkness, creeping o'er the face of the brightness like the earth's shadow o'er the face of the moon, till it has almost obliterated the light; and then suddenly the shadow becomes active, rushes hither and thither like an escaped convict cornered by his pursuers. Semi-brightness appears anon, then vanishes again. Yet always its existence is revealed by the blueish light which dimly suffuses all things. As I am gazing at this weirdness it seems that the mass scents the intrusion of some other spirit. O horror! O help me! O save me! The blackness becomes aware of me, moves towards me, stretching out thin wisplike arms, twisting and writhing in tortuous curves, grasping at me. I feel myself almost within their clammy embrace when lo! they recede to their source, fiendishly reaching out again in all other directions but mine, exulting in their power, delighting in their maddening tricks on me—their ultimate prey.

The main body has reached me now, cloaks me with its dank tenderness, hampers my movements so that I

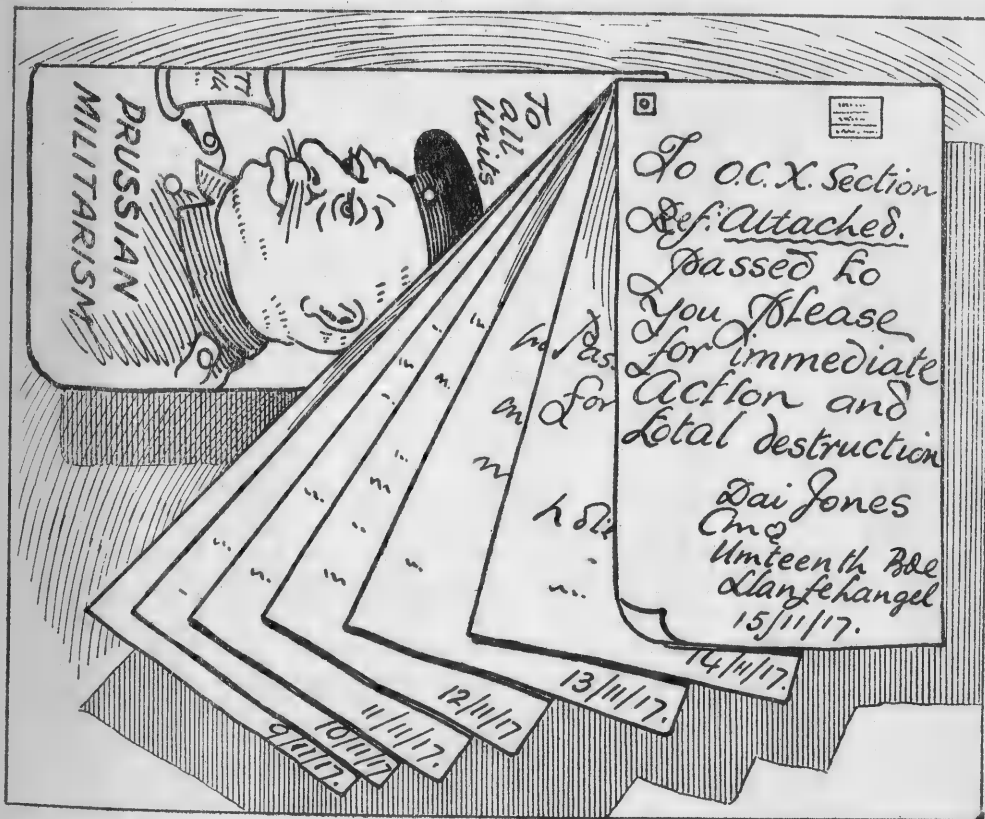
struggle as with weights on my limbs, blinds me with its opaqueness and finally flings me I know not where.

There reaches me after a while a thin, weak voice, coming as it were from far, far away across the unfathomable void, gradually increasing in strength and penetration until it develops into a rushing, roaring torrent

of clamour. I awake! The Presence is saying, "How much longer are you going to stand mooning about? Make way for the next!" And so, I move, to let the next man take his tot of rum, wondering whether he will go through the same experiences. Will he?

C. WEAVER.

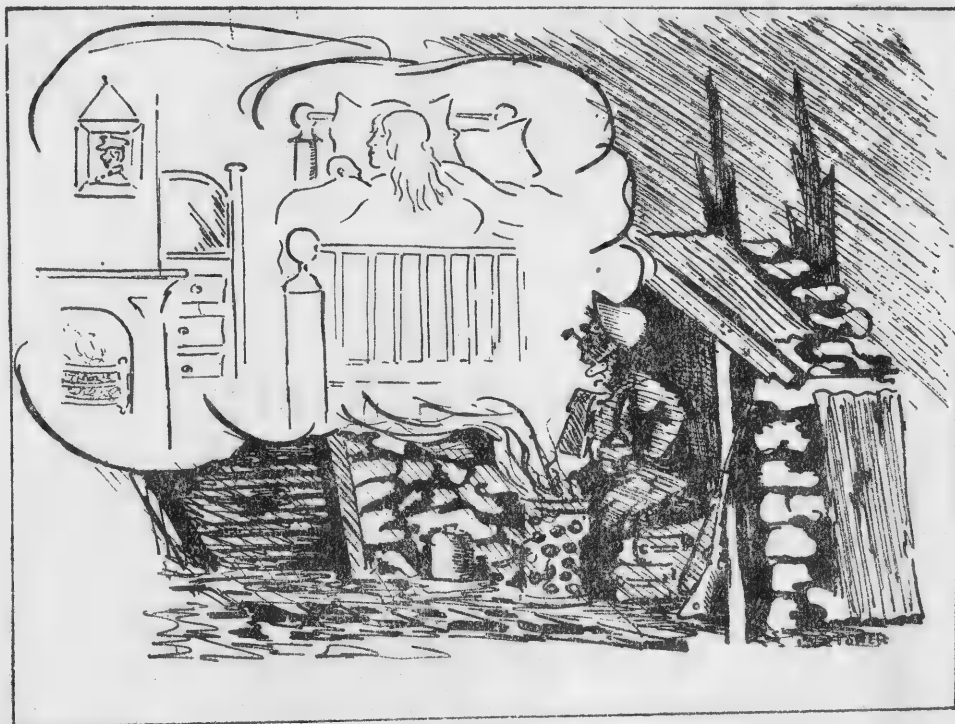
## Passed to You!





# His Coming Leave.

ANTICIPATION.



REALITY.



# The Ballad of "Any Old Where."

O H! Drummond, dear Drummond, a car can you spare?  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 For I wish for to ride to Any Old Where  
 With Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, Fred Gavin,  
 Fred Smith, Jackie Hayes, John Godsall,  
 And old Uncle Eardley and all,  
 And old Uncie Eardley and all.

And when shall I see again my old bus?  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 At Six Pip Emma—you leave it to *us*—  
 To Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, etc.

'Tis Six Pip Emma—alas and alack!  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 But Drummond's old car, she hasn't come back  
 With Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, etc.

Said Drummond, I fear there has been a slight hitch,  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 The bally old bus has got stuck in a ditch  
 With Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, etc.

For Drummond's old car, she had busted her axle,  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 And Drummond was forced for to ride in a Maxwell  
 Without Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, etc.

But this isn't the end of that terrible strafe  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 Though it shortened the military story by half  
 Of Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, etc.

When the wind whistles shrill o'er the theatre of war,  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 There whirls through the storm the green ghost of a car  
 With Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, etc.

And all the night long there be rumblings and squeaks  
 (All along, down along, out along lea),  
 From Drummond's old car—and a chorus of shrieks  
 From Pryce-Jones, Peris Williams, etc.

N. H.

## The Company Cook.

“**A** YE! Jane fach, it wass a rough time I wass get out there, and ye cannot love me too much to make me forget it!” Thus Pte. Robin Jones, company cook in the . . . Welsh Fusiliers, spoke while home on leave.

“Wass it the big shells and the Old Germans that you mean, Robin?” asked his darling Jane.

“No, no, my cariad, I don’t mind them; it is them Q.M.S., etc., and so on, ’cos I am a company cook.”

“But cooks have a good time of it, I did think, seeing that they handle the food and stands by warm fires in the winter?” she queried.

“Good time! Oh! my anwyl Jane! let me tell you all about it. It’s like this. We might be in billets, seven or six miles from the trenches, when word comes, ‘Pack up, we’re up the line at 6 p.m.’; and sure enough that is the case. I puts on my walrus coat, which is made of bits of goat-skin and slabs of sheep-skin, with sleeves made from the legs of them polar bears. Then on goes my pack, which is kept full, ready for kit ’spection, and a gas bag on my chest, a gun on my shoulder, six or seven pounds of cartridges resting on my chest, besides a cane broom and three dixies in me hands! and it was

’ot going on them furrin roads at night. Howev’r, I gets on all right till I entered the communication trench. To make sure that I don’t go in collision I holds the cane broom out in front, and if I hears a chap say something about ‘gore’ and ‘blood’ I knows that the bristles has touched something. Then I goes pushing through the crowd and pulling my black pots after me best I can, and generally there ain’t so much soot on ’em when I reaches the cook-hus as there was. Believe me, Jane, my dear, everybody respects me when I goes up the trench with my kettles and they steps off the duck-boards, like they do to a officer. When I reaches the cook-hus to put down the cargo, my Q.M. Sergeant comes in and gives me a chunk of old oak tree,—a bit of the root,—for fuel. He says, ‘Hurry up, Robin, and get some tea ready in ten minutes, ’cos the boys are going on fatigue.’ I lights a candle, to make sure that I didn’t fall down a rat-hole, and to start on my job, when someone shouts like the Bull of Bashan, ‘Put that ruddy light out’! So I did obey orders, of course. Afterwards I waited for the Very Lights to go up so that I could cut up the firewood. But it couldn’t be split nor cracked. It must

have been the first root invented, and the pick-axe, a cleaver, and the 'trenching tool were past repairs in no time. All the bits I got off it were two chips which fell into the rat 'oles and three splinters which lodged in me palm. Now the time was nearly up, so I picks up two kettles and plunges along the trench to get some water. I found some in a tin tank, when the chap who was in charge calls out, 'Hi, mate, I've just chlorinated that water and it ain't no use just yet. Get along another 4,000 yards and ye'll get nice water.' I told him to go and chase himself, and I takes the water. When I reaches the cookhouse the Q.M.S. was there. I couldn't see him, but I did smell the rum. He say, 'Robin Jones, tea ready?' 'In a chiffy,' I replied, and he goes out. I pulls out some papers from my note book to light the fire. Then I pulls out the splinters from my hand, and puts them on, and the

kettles wass put on the top of it all. Of course, everything wass going on quite serene, until I tried to strike a match; I found they wass them safety ones, that nothing can put afire. I wass then on my beam ends! Back comes the Q.M.S. 'Where is that blinking-blonking-blink-blank-tea?' he says. 'In the sandbags' I ses, in a sort of firm tone. 'And ye ain't cooked them rissoles neither,' he says. 'No,' I says, 'not quite; besides, yer can't make bricks without straw.' 'Consider yourself under arrest,' he shouts, and out he goes, hitting his nose against a chap who was carrying barbed wire. I then puts myself in line with the floor for the night and went to sleep, wishing my anwyl Jane wass there to kiss me. Aye! Jane fach, it wass a rough time I wass get out there."

HOWARD LL. ROBERTS,

R.W.F.



Rations.

# The Yperlee.

(Where I spent my cancelled Leave).

THE Yperlee, the Yperlee,  
The gently flowing Yperlee,  
A hundred thousand flowers  
fair

Along its scented banks grew there,  
A-mirrored in the Yperlee.

The Yperlee, the Yperlee,  
The crystal flowing Yperlee,  
A wondrous merry throng I spied  
A-boating down the crystal tide  
Of crystal flowing Yperlee.

The Yperlee, the Yperlee,  
The rustling, whispering Yperlee,  
A maiden very fair saw me  
A-wandering down the Yperlee,  
The rustling, whispering Yperlee.

The Yperlee, the Yperlee,  
She called me on the Yperlee,  
A jolly rollicking day I spent  
As we, with merry laughter went  
A-yachting down the Yperlee.

The Yperlee, the Yperlee,  
I woke up on the Yperlee,  
My respirator on my chest,  
(I always wear it when I rest)  
Instead of flowers on its banks  
I saw a hundred thousand tanks.

The Sergeant's mighty voice rang out,  
"Get up at once and help clean out  
The muddy, smelly, dank and slimy,  
Bloody, stinky, five point niney,  
Damned and blasted Yperlee."

ANONYMOUS.



# “The Daily Lie.”

PUBLIC.

3838th (Llanfair—!—!—gogogoch) Division.

Intelligence Summary No. 5555.

From 1.31 a.m. 1st January to 1.31 a.m. 2nd January, 1930.

## I. OUR ACTIVITY.

(a) *Artillery*.—Owing to poor visibility activity was below normal. The 32 inch Howitzers fired 746 round on the wooden hut at K.26.e.742.356. A direct hit was obtained and the hut reduced to matchwood. A party of 13.25 Germans was observed collecting the wood afterwards and 1006 rounds of shrapnel were fired at them. No casualties were caused owing to bad light and insufficient time in which to work out the barometric correction, but the manner in which the enemy persisted in salving the wood confirms the supposition that he is short of matches.

Field Artillery carried out their normal programme: 19 rounds were fired at the wire at K.13.y. half-central with excellent results—a gap of fully 5½ perches being cut.

(b) *Trench Mortars*.—Active. At 3.47 p.m. a round was fired from the new two-ton heavy T.M. A direct hit was obtained upon the defended town of Düsseldorf, which was completely demolished.

(c) *Machine Guns*.—Carried out their normal programme. All the roads and tracks in Southern Germany were engaged.

(d) *Snipers*.—Claim 364 victims of which one is a certainty.

(e) *Patrols*.—A brigadier's patrol of two battalions and a company of cyclists reconnoitred the wire in the neighbourhood of Elsie Farm. A new strand was found at Z.42.t.34.48. An enemy patrol of 2 divisions was encountered and driven off without difficulty.

## II. HOSTILE ACTIVITY.

(a) *Artillery*.—Normal. 746 rounds 80 cm. How. were fired at the corrugated-iron hutment near Bestial Farm. No damage was done.

(b) *Trench Mortars*.—Fired 2 rounds at 3.47 p.m., but were silenced at once by our 4 inch jeers of derision.

(c) *Machine Guns*.—Fired one burst of two rounds on the track West-South-West of Petticoat Lane,—wounding a civilian who was there without a permit.

(d) *Snipers*.—Had thirteen shots at the C.R.A. who was reconnoitring for a new O.P.—no result except that of frightening his Reconnaissance Officer.

(e) *Aircraft*.—A Gotha, flying at a height of  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles, was brought down in flames at Divisional H.Q. by our A.A. guns. Pilot and Observer were unhurt and stated that theirs was one of the last remaining three German Aeroplanes.

#### GENERAL.

(a) *Mines*.—The enemy blew a small mine at the crown of Caesar's Bald Head at 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$  a.m. this morning. The crater is approximately  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles wide and 500 yards deep. It was filled immediately with water but no naval action followed. We occupy the moustache and upper lip.

(b) *Identifications*.—A prisoner of the 1st Infantry Regt. was captured at Q.I.g.64.3. last night. See Annexe 17 (e) (1) to this Summary.

(c) *Aircraft*.—Our machines dropped 94 tons, 7 cwt, 13 lbs.,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. of bombs on the R.T.O's office at Potsdam. No bombs were seen to miss their objective. From subsequent information (Agent) it is known that the 3.17 p.m. Munich Express was late.

#### (d) *Information from Other Fronts.*

French,	}	No change.
Belgian,		
Russian,		
Japanese,		
Montenegrin,		

*Lapland*.—The XV (Guards) Corps, facing incredible difficulties, advanced  $7\frac{3}{4}$  yards up a glacier on a front of 406 miles and took 4 German prisoners. Great strategical possibilities are opened up by this advance.

*Uruguayan*.—Continuing their offensive our allies advanced 406 miles on a front of  $7\frac{3}{4}$  yards, capturing 40,000 prisoners and an infinitesimal number of guns (some of light calibre). Though no strategical results can be expected immediately, the tactical gain is considerable.

*Remaining Fronts*.—No report has been received since 1921.

#### ADDENDUM TO PARA. III (c).

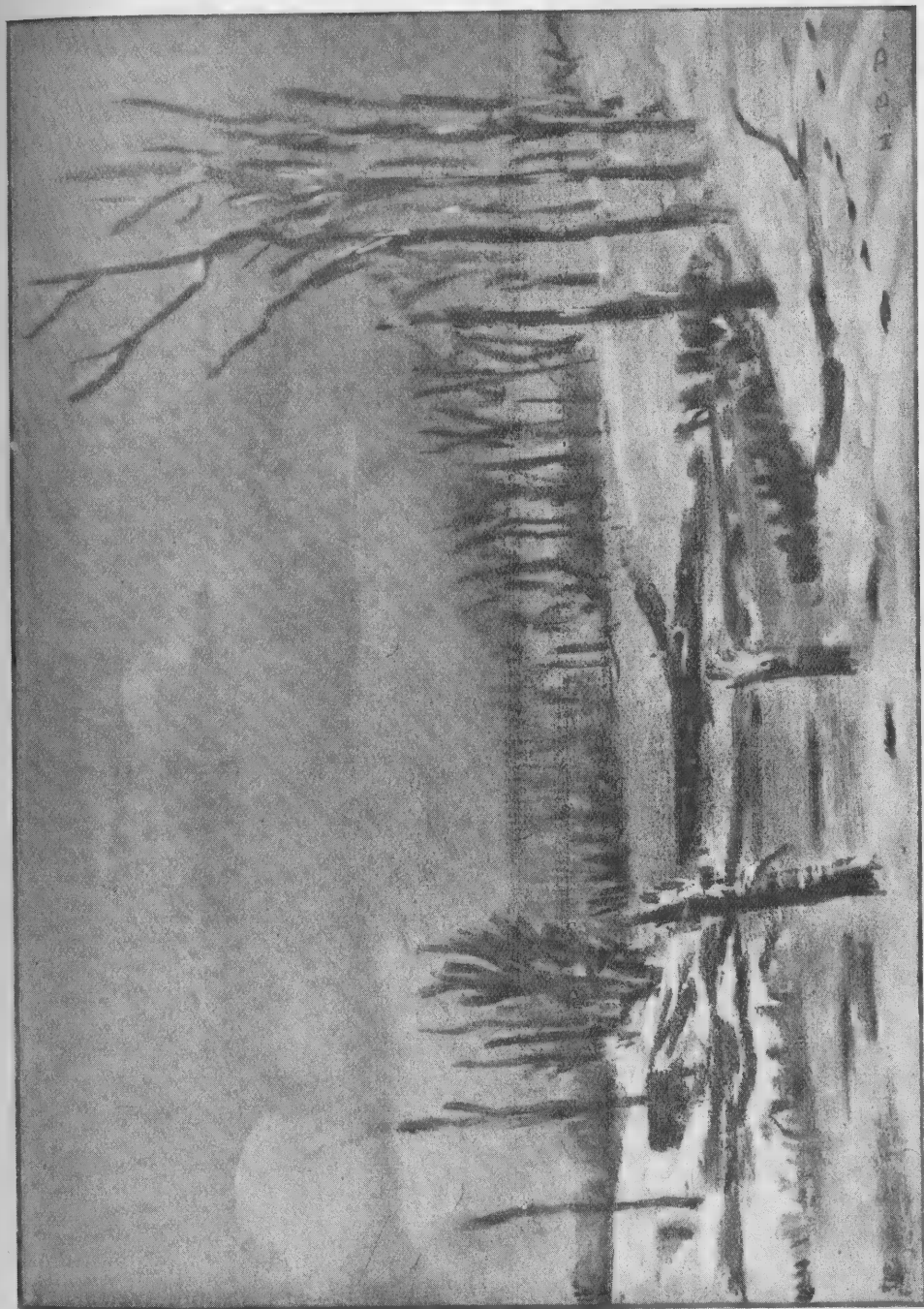
A million H.P. 4-seater, quadruple engined G.H.Q.<sup>2</sup> quintplane flew at a height of 12 feet along the German 7th line system from Dantzig to Homburg. Observer states that trenches are 12 yards 2 feet deep; parapets and parados are of tempered steel 19 feet thick; wire is continuous,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile thick and electrified. The whole however would present no real obstacle to seasoned troops.

1 German N.C.O. and 21,576 prisoners of 17 different nationalities were observed working on the system. The N.C.O. was fired on with the 18-pdr. carried in the aeroplane and 21,577 encouraging pamphlets on 'War Aims for Democrats' were dropped.

H. CUXLEY GREENE, Capt.,  
Intelligence Officer,  
3838th Division.

#### ANNEXE 17 (E) (1).

*Examination of Prisoner captured at Q.I.g.64.3. on 1.1.30.* Prisoner is of the 1935 class, and belongs to 1st I.R., which he joined in November. He had 20 minutes training at the depot and was then drafted to the 2nd Battalion, at that time on the Chilian Front. He remained there 23 hours, and has since been on twelve different fronts about



YSER CANAL,

## DAI IN THE DEPTHS.



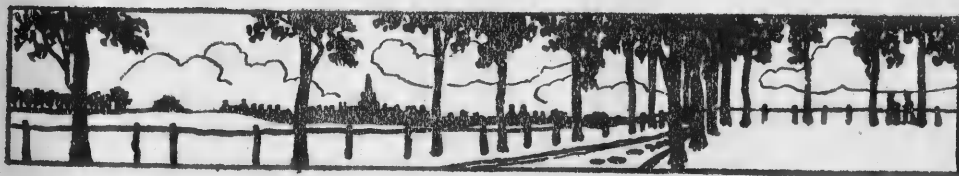
PTE. DAI THOMAS: "I wonder which pocket wass my  
Woodbines!"

none of which can he give any intelligent information. He is of poor physique (chest measurement 23.74 inches expanded). He states that the trench strength of his company is 3, the remaining 150 being all specialists of various kinds. Morale of his unit appears to be very low, and there is much discontent, especially against the rations which now consist wholly of substitutes issued in the form of tabloids. Prisoner is heartily sick of the war and anxious to get back to school. He knows of no impending offensive anywhere.

*Method of Capture.*—He was one of a party of two sent out to re-capture the lip of the mine crater consolidated by us early this morning. Finding it occupied by a whole battalion he decided that the chances of doing so were small and tried to get back. He lost his way and wandered into our trenches where, after a short struggle, he surrendered to the 2nd in Command who was passing at the time.

H. CUXLEY GREENE, Capt.,  
*Intelligence Officer,*  
3838th Division.

J.





## “Hedd Wyn.”

AT the closing session of the National Eisteddfod of Wales held at Birkenhead on Thursday, September 6th, 1917, after the Prime Minister (The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.) who presided, had delivered his speech, a memorable scene took place. The Winner of the Bardic Chair, which is the highest Eisteddfodic honour, the Winner being known as the “Bard of the Year,” was Private Ellis H. Evans, of the — Battalion, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who, when his victory came to be announced, had been lying in his silent grave in Flanders since the beginning of August. He was killed in action on the 31st July near Pilckem.

The Eisteddfodic Adjudicators announced that out of fifteen competitors on the Chair Odes on “The Hero” (Yr Arwr), the best was the competitor giving the pseudonym of “Fleur-de-Lys.” The Archdruid “Dyfed” called on “Fleur-de-Lys” to declare himself, but “there was no voice nor any that answered.” Then from the back of the platform a gentleman appeared and made a communication to the Archdruid, who announced that the victor had fallen in battle and lay in a silent grave in Belgium. This created a profound sensation in the great audience, and instead of the usual

chairing ceremony, the Oak Bardic Chair made and carved by a Belgian Refugee, was draped with black cloth. The audience rose in silence and stood while the Archdruid and the Bards of the Gorsedd recited a series of “In memoriam” stanzas, after which, instead of the usual chairing song, Madame Laura Evans sang “I Blas Gogerddan.”

\* \* \* \* \*

61117, Private Ellis H. Evans, who was twenty-nine years of age and was known in Bardic Circles as “Hedd Wyn,” was the son of a Welsh farmer, who resided at Ysgwrn, Trawsfynydd, Merionethshire. After a course of elementary education in the village school he became the shepherd of his father’s flock, and he drank deeply of the poetry of the mountains. He mastered the alliterative measures of Welsh poetry in the days of his youth, and won several chairs at the Provincial Eisteddfodau of Wales. He joined the 38th (Welsh) Division at Flechin. As a soldier his Platoon Commander says, “He fought extremely well and was always in the thick of the fighting.” It was while his Battalion was consolidating the new line on the 31st July that he was shot by a sniper, and died instantaneously.

‘P. W.’



## PILKEM, 1917.

On Pilkem Ridge's battered clay

In Hell's own fury—

The victors and their trophies stay

To tell the story;

But those that lie, their conflict done,

Took Death a Captive;

To them the honour, for they won

Life's Grand Objective.

H. B. D.



# Pages for Pessimists.

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## THE GUNNER'S LITANY.

ADAPTED FROM A.H.G.'S ORIGINAL 'A SHORTER LITANY.'

From Dud Ammunition	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Droop and Uncalibration, from Prematures and Discordant Propellants	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From the Crafts and Assaults of the Enemy, from the Wrath of Our Commanders and from Everlasting Bombardment	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Lying and Intelligence	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Returns, Correspondence, the A.S.C. and all Uncharitableness	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Wagon Lines and the Making of Brick Standings, from all the Deceits of the Wash-house, the Cookhouse and the Drainage System	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Gas, Bombs, Barrages and the Visitations of the Staff	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Inspections of Feet and Instructors in Catering	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From all Hairies and Mules	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Lice, Mange, Colic and the A.D.V.S.	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Them.</i>
From the Powers that Be, the Powers that Have Been, and the Powers that May be	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Reveille to Tattoo	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
From Mud and Glanders, from Blood and Flanders	<i>Good Lord, Deliver Us.</i>
Give us Camouflage,	<i>We beseech Thee, O Lord.</i>
Give us Lorries,	<i>We beseech Thee, O Lord.</i>
Give us Leave,	<i>We beseech Thee, O Lord.</i>
Give us Peace,	<i>We beseech Thee, O Lord.</i>

## IF THIS BE LIFE.

If this be Life—

To squelch in gum boots through the nauseous ooze  
That reeks of death, while rain incessant soaks into the very soul ;  
To watch the horses stand dejected, cold, 'neath shelter that were insult to erect ;  
To have to strafe the drivers for a rusty spur, or harness whose eternal cleaning is a  
tragedy ;

To have to strafe for such as this when rain drips on them as they sleep uneasy,  
Huddled lousy 'neath a blanket rough and thin,  
In barns and bivvies that at home a tramp would spit upon,  
After being chased by N.C.O's from hour to hour through an eighteen hour day that's  
worth a bob—

Up to their knees in filth ;

To have to shut one's heart against their misery  
And chase the N.C.O's to chase the men for King and Country's sake.

To be chased oneself by A.F.I. from Staff Headquarters

Who demand one's date of birth and tatoo marks,

And whether one is Jew or Christian, and, if Jew,

Why one's ration for the morning meal is bacon

—A certain method, this, of killing Huns ;

To have to fight the battle of the Indent Book and perjure one's immortal soul on  
every page

Or else get nothing—and a reprimand for getting it,

For being insufficiently a liar and therefore inefficient at the job ;

To rise each morning with the certainty of months of this unless one meets the shell  
that stops it all—

If this be life—then give me death, O God !

If this be Life—

To have to give one's manhood at a time when every hour is worth far more than  
Inca's gold ;

To have to leave dream castles in the making and chuck career and prospects to the  
winds ;

Leaving unfulfilled one's hopes of children with the woman who'll go lonely through  
the years ;

Throwing overboard one's very Deity whose face seems smudged by smoke of all  
this Progress ;

To scan the lists and every day meet names of pals

Destroyed and wasted in this game of fools ;

To have to stand beneath the stars and hear the rumble sempiternal of the guns that  
belch release,

And ask Him what it's for, and why, and get no answer ;

To have to eat, and wash indifferently, through months and years of it

And try to stop one's brain from questioning and change it to a lump of mud—

If this be life—then give me death, O God !

A. H. G.

## THE LINE.

(A SONG AGAINST DEPARTMENTS, WITH APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING  
AND OTHER POETS).

"In the eyes of the Departments behind the line  
the Fighting Soldier is mainly Freight." . . . . .

—*Any Soldier, anywhere.*

**E**UCLID, that intrepid Greek,  
Was the first of men to seek  
How most simply to define  
What men simply called a line.

Lines have changed since Euclid's day,  
Other things than length have they ;  
Scholars now must make munitions  
And leave to journalists our definitions.

Easy going M.L.O's,  
Earn their bread, how—no one knows,  
But they do not earn it where  
Lines are mostly "in the air."  
N.A.D. and N.B.G.  
Hastily become P.B.  
Do not like, it seems to me,  
Lines—except the L. of C.  
Common soldier men must all  
Hold the line until they fall,  
But, and this is rather queer,  
R.T.O's do not come here.

Nor is DADOS to be found  
Digging in on captured ground.  
A.P.M's would have a fit  
If they found themselves on it,  
And it very seldom rains  
On Officers Conducting Trains.  
If a sleek Town Major saw  
Corpses on his bedroom floor,  
He would say "Tut tut and Dear me,  
I don't like such objects near me."



"A" and "Q" are justly proud  
Of their distance from the crowd,  
While "G," which stands for God and "operations,"  
Draw lines on maps and rows of decorations.

I.O.M. and A.S.C.  
D.D.R. and A.P.D.  
What these mystic letters mean  
Is that, since the year '14,  
Englishmen have held a line  
'Twixt the Yser and the Rhine.  
Men must work and women weep,  
Soldiers fight, Departments sleep;  
But, and here's the vital point,  
Though the times *are* out of joint,  
Let these take with decent grace  
A lower not the foremost place.

Gods may come and half-gods go,  
But Tin Gods are a puppet-show.  
And, though he's mostly dressed in mud and tatters,  
The fighting man is all the man that matters.  
He holds a line—the line of last resistance;  
They take a line—the line of least assistance.  
They also serve who only stand and wait  
But they should not be *masters* of the State.

H. J. G.



# Correspondence Simplified.

## LETTER FORM 'B' (WIVES).

IN THE FIELD,

/ / 191—

My { dear,  
dearest,  
darling,

I can't write much to-day as I am very

{ overworked.  
busy.  
tired.  
lazy.

and the { Colonel  
Adjutant  
Sergeant-Major  
Staff  
Boche } is exhibiting intense activity.

Things our way are going on { quite well.  
much as usual.  
pas mal.

We  
The HUNS } put up a bit of a show { last night  
yesterday } with { complete  
tolerable  
out any  
success.

Our	The French	} Offensive appears to be doing well.
The Russian	The Belgian	
The Italian	The Serbian	
The Montenegrin	The Roumanian	
The Monagasque	The Portuguese	
The United States	The Japanese	
The Brazilian	The Cuban	
The Panama	The Chinese	
The Bolivian		

The German offensive is { obviously  
apparently  
we will hope } a complete failure.

I really begin to think the war will end { this year.  
next year.  
sometime.  
never.

The { flies } are { vile.  
 rations } is { execrable.  
 weather } { much the same.  
 ..... }

The Division is { cheery.  
 weary.  
 languid.  
 sore distressed.  
 at rest. }

We are now living in a { Chateau.  
 Ruined Farm.  
 Hovel.  
 Dugout. }

I am { hoping soon to come on  
 about due for } leave, which is now { on.  
 overdue for } off.  
 not yet in the running for }

I am suffering from a { slight } wound—(Shell shock) (Fright).  
 severe } \*.....

How are the { poultry (including Cows)  
 potatoes } getting on ?  
 children }

I hope you are { well.  
 better.  
 bearing up.  
 not spending too much money.  
 getting on better with mother. }

Insert here protestations  
 of affection—NOT TO { .....  
 EXCEED TEN WORDS. { .....  
 { ..... }

Ever.....(state what ever).

.....  
 xxx(Delete or add as may be  
 necessary).

\* Or state disease. If the whole of this sentence is struck out, the writer may be presumed to be well or deceased.

## 'Babs' Again



Officer whose party has been held up by M.G. fire:—"DAMN THIS BLASTED BAB."

# The Recent Military Tournament.

From *The Times*, April 1st, 1980.

**T**HIS annual tournament, the fiftieth of its kind since the Great War ended, was opened last Saturday. The proceedings on the opening day went off fairly well, but we think that the Committee might have displayed more originality. It is an insult to the public to expect it in this Year of Grace to take an interest in such hackneyed side-shows as Feeding-Up Tommy Atkins, Pulling the Neutral's Leg, etc. We append an account of the chief events in Saturday's programme.

## (1). THE GAS FIGHT.

The opposing battalions for this event were drawn from the Royal Welsh Chemicals and the Fife Pharmaceutical Volunteers. The combat opened with the usual score or so of feints and false alarms on either side. It is an old tradition, based, we feel sure, on a serious mis-reading of History, that there must be at least a dozen false alarms, or Gas Alerts, as they are called, before you get to the real thing, —or, rather, before the real thing gets to you. Eventually, however, the Welshmen managed to push over a powerful cloud of Laughing-Gas, cleverly masked by a barrage of 'Gem of the Ocean' smoke. Although this gas was sufficiently potent to raise a smile on the face of the Dean of St. Paul's, who had a back seat among the spectators, the Scotchmen stood their ground and maintained a perfect gloom. It is true that one man had to be carried off on a stretcher, to all appearances badly gassed. He was indeed chuckling quite audibly. But the Battalion

appealed (and supported their case by witnesses) on the ground that this man had heard a joke a fortnight previously, and it was only reasonable to suppose that he had just seen the point. This appeal was upheld by the Umpire.

While the attack was in progress a strong company of Trench Retorters, supported by a Section of Test-tube Ticklers, contrived to work their way round the flank of the Welshmen, upon whom they suddenly opened a devastating fire of Leek-Gas shells. To the amazement of the audience, the Welshmen at once removed their respirators and audibly sniffed the noxious scent with evident appreciation. This act of bravery was greeted by round upon round of applause. Two men, however, succumbed to the exposure and were borne away rubbing their eyes and sobbing loudly. But it was established at the subsequent Court of Enquiry that one of the two was only a Liverpool Welshman, while the other, being duly sworn at, stated that he had just received a wireless message announcing the death of his mother-in-law. An Irishman present, who was heard to murmur that they both had at least something to be thankful for, was at once placed under arrest and will be tried by Court-Martial for Contempt of Court.

## (2). THE BATTLE OF WORDS.

A great crowd gathered to witness this event, which was expected to prove one of the most hotly contested Arguments on record. The combatants were picked men from the Hyde Park



Oratorials and the Queen's Westminster Politicians. Several hundred-weights of note-books and scores of gallons of ink had been amassed on either side. The Westminster got to work quickly. The minutes of their last meeting had been duly read and signed before the Chairman of the Oratorials had got up on to his Tub. They threw out a strong line of Debaters, who advanced to the cry of "Order! Order!" Each Proposer was followed closely by a Seconder and there was a considerable sprinkling of Chuckers-Out. The Hyde Parkers, however, countered this move by sending out a trained squad of Button-holders, specially recruited from the best London Clubs.

These were told off to attack the Proposers, which they did with such good effect that twenty-seven of the latter were evacuated to Hospital suffering from acute Boredom, and four others died from Loss of Temper before assistance could reach them. The ingenuity of this method of attack was revealed when it was seen that, upon a Proposer becoming a casualty, his Seconder was also automatically placed hors-de-combat. The Lieutenant Chairman (Acting Speaker) of the Westminster had an immediate search made into the History of Parliamentary Warfare, but the only instance discoverable of a motion being seconded before it was proposed occurred in the Records of the Irish Convention, and this was held to constitute insufficient precedent.

Somewhat weakened by this rebuff, the Politicians sent up S.O.S. signals to their Heavy Argumentative Artillery, which immediately put down a barrage of Syllogisms. This Artillery was the

only novel feature in the programme. Of course the substitution of Abstract Principles for Concrete Emplacements is not original. This substitute is known to have been used in the Great War, with curious and interesting results. But the organisation was decidedly novel. Each Battery was commanded by a (Temporising) Captain assisted by a Sergeant-Major (graded for pay as a first class Wind Bag). The Captain was mounted on a table and armed with a large megaphone, through which he hurled arguments at the enemy. These arguments were passed up to him on type-written sheets by the N.C.O. and the men followed up every point in the argument with volleys of Corroborative Evidence. The Hyde Parkers replied with a neutralising fire of Tu Quoques and Irrelevant Objections, but eventually the arguments of the Politicians began to tell, and their opponents had to give up one by one the Strong Points of their case. Their men fell convinced by scores and hundreds of converts flocked over the neutral ground of Mutual Admission which separated the parties. Suddenly, however, the enemy's fire slackened and their arguments dropped to mere strongly-worded complaints, petering out finally in trivial and intermittent grousing. The Hyde Parkers took advantage of this opening and, rallying all their forces, inflicted a severe rout on their tormentors. Some they impaled on the horns of Dilemmas, others they drove into Logical Impasses, still others they forced to argue in circles until they dropped from sheer giddiness, and, being left with not a leg to stand on, were easily made prisoners. A charge of cruelty was subsequently brought against the captors on the

ground that they had made their prisoners eat their own words.

When the Question was finally put, the Hyde Parkers carried all before them and won by 666 votes to 1. The recalcitrant minority proved to be a woman in disguise, who maintained that she was right, even though they had *proved* her to be wrong, so there ! It was discovered afterwards that the sudden collapse of the Westminster Politicians was due to defective ammunition supplied by the firm of Mugwump and Crossbench. It was stated that, out of 100 arguments supplied by this firm, 96 were Fallacies, as follows :—46 Ignorationes Elenchi,

23 Petitiones Principii, 27 Argumenta ad Hominem. The Politicians further had the misfortune to lose three of their best officers—Major Premise, who, in the face of a withering sarcasm, was rallying his men round a Syllogism, when he was outed by a Lie Direct ; Captain Gasse-Bagge, who was struck by an idea and instantly winded ; and Lieut.-Colonel the Marquis of Cock and Bull, who, while pitching yarns to the enemy, was carried away by his Enthusiasm. He was never seen again.

### (3). BALLOONS v. TANKS.

This event had to be cancelled, as the combatants could not get to grips.

H.



## Ode to a Sapper.

PATON, thou shouldst be rising ere  
the sun.  
Mortars have need of thee : here  
is a stench  
Of stagnant waters ; parapet and  
trench,  
Firebay and traverse, sites of bomb  
and gun  
Have forfeited all cover from the Hun,  
Inward collapsing. Relics of the  
French—  
Oh, raise them up again and do not  
blench  
At chits for rails and timber by the  
ton.

Thou dwellest far apart ; in vain we  
strive  
To roof the dug-outs we don't like to  
see  
Open unto the heavens, to Rum-jars  
free.  
Thy working-parties lounge upon  
their way  
In cheerful idleness and yet contrive  
The heaviest burdens on our men to  
lay.

LT. WM. WORDSWORTH,

T.M.B.

# The Soldier of the Future.



# Unlikely Conversations.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO E. V. LUCAS).

## I.

*An office. The table littered with Indents and Issue Vouchers : all the former have been approved without comment, all the latter have been signed without demur by Dados who sits at the table and smiles the benignant smile of the fairy God-mother.*

*Enter First Client with the air of one who knows that he has not come in vain.*

*Dados :* Good-morning. What can I do for you ?

*First Client :* Very cold isn't it ? I just looked in to see if you could help me at all in the matter of blankets. We find we are 55 short in my unit and as we are unable to account for their loss we can't get authority to draw more.

*Dados :* Authority ! Pooh ! we don't worry about authorities here. There are ways of managing these little things. And as a matter of fact we've just got in a new supply of really good blankets. I'll just make out the voucher. You won't mind if I call it 100 instead of 55 will you ? I always deal in round figures, it saves trouble.

*1st Client :* Well I didn't want such a lot. Blankets are not the sort of article one needs too many of. Still it's very good of you, and of course I'll take them.

*Receives the issue voucher and goes out.*

*Enter Second Client.*

*2nd Client (airily) :* Hulloo, old Dados ; you haven't such a thing as a spare mess cart about, have you ? We're moving to-morrow, and what with the mess stuff and the colonel's kit I'm blessed if I see how we're going to do it.

*Dados (thoughtfully) :* A mess cart ? That's a bit of a proposition, isn't it ? I don't keep a surplus stock of 'em, they're too bulky. Wait a bit though, I have got one in the yard. It was brought in yesterday and condemned and a new one was issued. It's not really unserviceable, but I passed it as such because the unit was particularly keen to have a new one. Tell you what I'll do. I'll have this old one patched up, put a new axle on for you and send it up to-night. How'll that do ?

*2nd Client :* Good man : that'll do me quite well—thanks awfully.

*Dados :* And look here, you might tell your quartermaster that he doesn't read his routine orders carefully enough. That one the other day, about drawing extra pairs of socks for men exposed to exceptionally severe climatic conditions can be interpreted to mean almost anything. Tell him to put in for more. I'll see that he gets them.

*2nd Client :* Righto, I will, Bye-bye.

## II.

*A Cross-roads at night. Rain, wind, mud. A military policeman, scorning to use his sentry-box, stands by the side of the road. He is cold and wet, but quite cheerful and wishes no harm to anyone. A sound of approaching traffic is heard. Two G.S. wagons, empty, drawn by Heavy Draft Horses at a slow trot, arrive at the cross-roads. They are in the middle of the road, the drivers are not wearing shrapnel helmets nor are their box-respirators in the alert position. As the first wagon passes the policeman the driver of it calls out,—*  
*"Straight on for ———, ain't it?"*

*Policeman:* Yes. Not far now. Goodnight, boys. (*Then to himself*). Poor devils. 'Xpect they've been out since dinner-time and 'll have to rub their horses down when they get in. Wish I had a tot of rum to give 'em even though they *were* breaking all the traffic rules. Mine's a cushy job beside theirs.

## III.

*A front line trench on a clear, cold night. Two privates huddled together on the fire-step.*

*1st Private:* Taking everything into consideration, Willoughby, it is amazing how wonderfully comfortable things are made for us, is it not?

*2nd Private:* Yes, indeed. Our rations, for instance. Better than those of any other army in the world, better than the people at home, even the rich people, get. Of course, there are a few malcontents who grumble, but that is in the cosmic nature of things. Personally I sometimes feel that we ought to do with less, to sacrifice something further for the Great Cause.

*1st Private:* Precisely my opinion. And we must be prepared for greater sacrifices still if we are to carry out our mission of liberating the peoples of the world, the oppressed of the earth, from the German yoke. I was reading an article of engrossing interest in last week's Spectator on the national aspirations of the Czecho-Slovaks. A fine race, worthy to take up its rightful heritage.

*2nd Private:* True. And then again, there are the Jugo-Slavs, the Armenians, the Persians, the Alsatians and Lorrainers. I feel enobled by the mere thought of them all. Could one ask for more than to fight and live and, if need be, die for such ends?

*A wisp of cloud which has been hiding the moon drifts away, and the ruins of a village show up in the soft light.*

Ah! Edwin, look at that—the beauty of it! What a subject for the brush of a great master. 'The Grandeur of Desolation' would be an appropriate title would it not? And yet—yet there are men I know who wouldn't stir from a dug-out even to glance at it, men who have more regard for Beer than for Beauty, men who prefer Rum to Righteousness.

*1st Private (with infinite sadness):* Eyes that see not, tastes that are utterly vitiated. 'Tis a queer world, Willoughby, a queer world.

## IV.

*A battalion H.Q. dug-out in the line. A relief has just been completed. The Battalion Commander who has taken over is seated at the table sipping lime-juice and soda.*

*Enter the Adjutant.*

*Bn. Cdr. :* Well, is everything satisfactory ?

*Adj. :* Absolutely, sir. We've never taken over from a better crowd. I went into everything and hadn't a fault to find.

*Bn. Cdr. :* The cleanliness of the whole area astounded me when I went round this afternoon. And they must have worked like niggers while they've been in the line.

*Adj. :* Just so, sir. And all the 'paper' that I took over was in perfect order. A magnificent battalion I should imagine.

*Bn. Cdr. :* I'm sure of it.

## V.

*On the Telephone. 11.30 p.m.*

*Staff Captain R.A. :* Is that the adjutant ——— Brigade ?

*Adjutant — Bde. :* Yes. Good evening.

*Exchange Operator :* Finished, please ?

*Both (politely) :* No, not quite, if you please.

*S.C.R.A. :* Awfully sorry to bother you so late.

*Adjutant :* Not at all. I never go to bed till one.

*S.C.R.A. :* It's about this Bombardier in Ac Battery that wants special leave because his aunt is sick. I'm sure the case is genuine, and ———

*Operator :* Finished, please ?

*S.C.R.A. (pleasantly) :* Not quite. . . . and I think we'll be able to manage it all right. The Brigade Major was going to have the only vacancy we've got for Thursday, but I'm sure I've only to ask him and he'll wait for the next. He couldn't very well refuse—seeing how the matter stands.

*Adjutant :* It's very kind of you, but I'm sure Bombardier Jones wouldn't think of taking the leave if it's like that. I'll tell ———

*Operator :* Finished, please ?

*Both (affably) :* No.

*Adjutant :* I'll walk over to the Battery and explain the matter to him now.

*S.C.R.A. :* Right you are. Much obliged. Good-night.

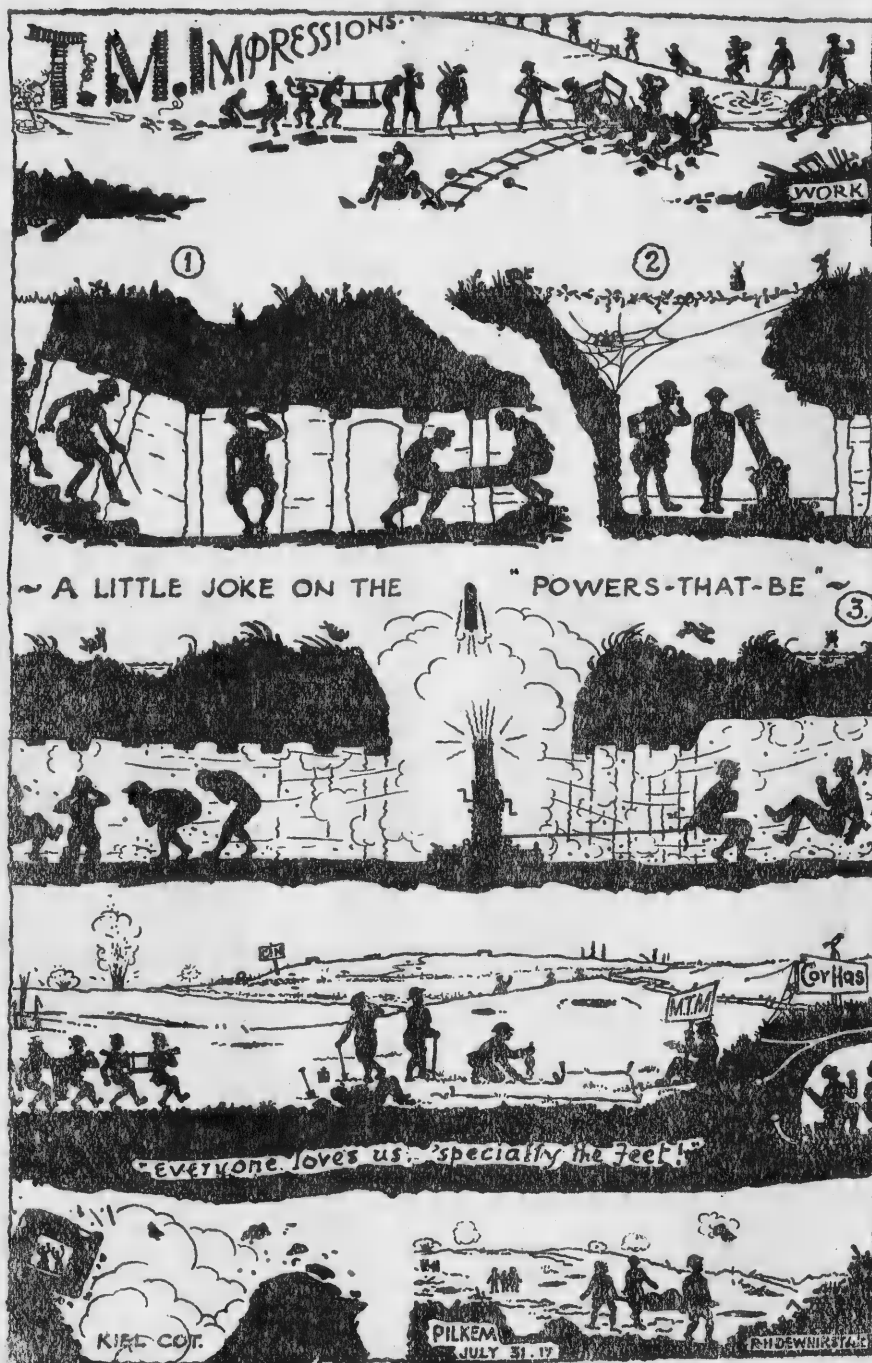
*Adjutant :* Good-night and many thanks.

*Operator :* Finished, please ?

*Silence.*

J.





## “T.U.”

**N**O! I don't belong to no 'Guards,'  
 sir,  
 An' I ain't a dashing dragoon,  
 I ain't even a dismounted lancer,  
 Nay! I never right-mark'd a platoon.  
 They calls me an old "T.U.", sir,  
 A "tempor-er-ary unfit,"  
 An' I potters an' messes about, sir,  
 Cleanin' ditches an' doin' me bit.

It ain't as I'm always "T.U.", sir,  
 I've bin lots o' queer things in me time,  
 An' once I was mark'd as "P.B.",\* sir,  
 But I'm a dabster wi' brushes an' lime,  
 An' them medical chaps is 'ot stuff, sir,  
 An' as soon as they spotted me line  
 "Re-classification"—"Toot-sweet, sir,  
 An' them messes is now lookin' fine.

An' you knows in this army of ours, sir,  
 There's plenty needs whitewash, for sure  
 But I'm out o' that job just now, sir,  
 For these ditches smell worse nor  
 manure.  
 An' to-morrow, well, p'raps 'twill be  
 roads, sir,  
 Or emptying buckets o' — well—  
 We'll say nothing more about them, sir,  
 They speaks for themselves you've  
 heer'd tell.

I'll own I gets fairly fed-up, sir,  
 An' wish the dam'd war were in 'ell,  
 For when I writes 'ome to the wife, sir,  
 I 'ardly knows what for to tell.  
 For she calls me her soldier-lad, sir,  
 Though we're both on us night forty  
 nine,  
 An' she boasts o' me chasin' the 'Un,  
 sir,  
 An' me never up in the line.

May be, I *am* doin' me bit, sir,  
 Thank you kindly for tryin' to cheer;  
 But it's summut akin towards war, sir,  
 As home-brewed is to 'staminet beer;  
 But I ain't goin' to grouse too much, sir,  
 For sometimes I listens to Fritz  
 Up yonder, a-doin' his best, sir,  
 To knock some dear pal, p'raps, to bits.

An' I rests for a spell on me brush, sir,  
 An' me mind wanders back to the time  
 When I step't it along o' the best, sir,  
 In an' out that bloody front line:  
 An' I thinks o' the lads that I knew, sir,  
 An' me heart feels fair troubled an' sore,  
 For I knows I shall see 'em no more, sir,  
 Welsh lads—straight an' white to the  
 core.

An' again in me fancy I dreams, sir,  
 Of the dangers together pass'd through,  
 An' the rollicking fun we had, too, sir,  
 For the "Welsh" were a 'ell of a crew;  
 But the mud an' the rain an' the pack,  
 sir,  
 Play'd 'avoc wi' bones none too young,  
 An' after we'd bin to the Somme, sir,  
 I come altogether unstrung.

I'm much better off now, I knows, sir,  
 But I still 'ave a bit o' regret  
 That I'm struck off the "tenth's"  
 fighting strength, sir,  
 I 'avn't got used to it yet:  
 I was one o' Lord Kitchener's first, sir,  
 No conscript for me you can bet,  
 An' the missus own'd up she were  
 proud, sir,  
 An' she smiled—but through eyes that  
 were wet.

\* Permanent Base.

I'd a couple o' fine lads out, too, sir,  
 But one—poor old Dick—'as gone west.  
 An' t'other will carry the mark, sir,  
 To the grave, so we've all done our best.  
 An' I cannot 'elp thinkin' o' them, sir,  
 When I catches a sneerin' remark.  
 From a smartly-groom'd, well-set up  
 Tommy  
 Who's never bin old Fritz's mark.

An' some day, if I'm still in luck, sir,  
 I'll get back to Blighty once more,  
 My God! Won't our hearts well-nigh  
 break, sir,  
 When we gaze on the dear mother shore,  
 An' we knows that it ain't just a leave,  
 sir,  
 That we're done wi' the whole blasted  
 war;

Back for good to the dear ones at 'ome,  
 sir,  
 Why! It's almost too much to hope for.

There'll be thousands in Blighty like  
 me, Sir,  
 Just broken, an' batter'd an' worn,  
 No scars made by bullets or shells, sir,  
 Bare o' ribbons as when we were born;  
 But I guess there'll be others like you,  
 sir,  
 Won't forget that we've done our bit,  
 too,  
 An' who'll whisper "Well done" as we  
 pass, sir,  
 "You're 'eroes—as well as 'T.U.'"

H. S.



# Black and White.

(With Apologies to the Author of the Book of Artemas.)

AND it came to pass that the *nation* was at war, and in the camps of the armies were men *who* provided the soldiery with cooked victuals.

They were of the tribe of the Jippo-ites, and their chief dish *was* the jippo.

Sundry other foods were there also, and did appear sometimes when there *prevailed* no jippo, which was but seldom.

And it came to pass that a son of the Jippo-ites was *among* the pots, and his countenance shone in the steam thereof. Blackened were his raiments, for he had stood long among the smoulders, and bare *was* his arm. His eyes were as the eyes of the smoked herring, and upon his face were *portions* of the jippo.

And *when* the hour was come that men did eat, they gathered around the pots and pressed near unto the son of Jippo, and mocked him.

And he put upon the *fire* green sticks, and caused strong smoke, which entered into the nostrils of those that surrounded him, so that they were struck dumb and held *themselves* away from him.

Now upon the surface of the food called *jippo* appeared many colours, even as the colours of the rainbow, and this had come to pass because of the presence of the oils of paraffin *in* the pottage.

When the son of Jippo saw this, his heart *sank* within him for fear of the soldiery, who were gathered about, and

he prayed that they might see it not, and when the soldiers pressed upon him again, *saying*, "Is unto us ready the food of ruddy hue?" on a sudden he stretched upwards his arm and pointed towards the sun, crying, "Cast ye upwards your gaze, and see yon enemy ship that flyeth in *the* eye of the sun."

And they did as it was bidden unto them and searched the firmaments for the ship that flew, so that their eyes grew dim, and were closed with the glare of much light, and they saw not what was about them. Then did the son of Jippo again cry, "Hasten all ye unto me, partake of the jippo *each* in his vessel, and hie ye hence in haste to your divers holes in the walls, there to *eat* in the darkness this food called the jippo."

And when they had partaken of the mess, and had tasted of the colours upon their tongues, they used words of great strength, and words that were short, and rose in their wrath for to seek the son of Jippo, and to kill him.

Now this man had *gathered* much craft of mind when among the pots, and he knew of the coming of the angry *men*, so that he hied him forth unto the pools and there did cleanse himself, so that they who pursued knew him not and passed by. For he that was black *was* now white.

And other stories *are* there of the son of Jippo.

H. L. R.

## "The Weed."

**O** GODDESS, Nicotine ! I wonder if you knew  
 When Raleigh brought the Weed from o'er the sea,  
 What comfort and relief in hours of toil and stress  
 To men of all conditions, it would be.

To priest and prelate, and to men of low degree,  
 To soldier, sailor, and to him who delves  
 Into earth's bowels 'midst the coal and clay and stone,  
 Toiling with grimy mates like devil's elves.

On the broad prairie in his lonely ride, beneath  
 The sweltering sun, the storm of wind and dust,  
 'Midst dangers lurking near and far on every hand,  
 The stockman guards thy solace as his crust.

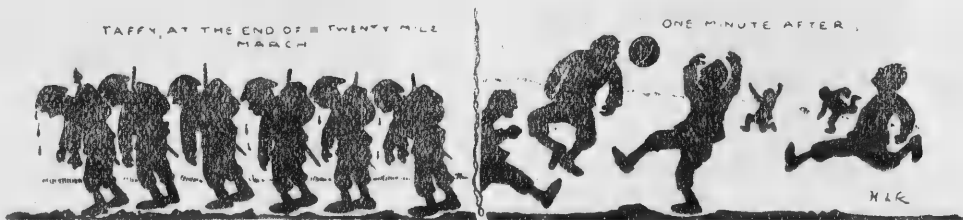
The sailor when he leaves his weary watch, and sinks  
 Exhausted into bunk or cabin bare,  
 Snatches a whiff of joy from thee before he falls  
 Into a dreamless sleep without a care.

And e'en in battle, what hast thou to soldiers been,  
 What pluck and grit thy cheering smoke has waged !  
 "Give me a 'fag,' " has been the prelude often heard  
 To scores of noble deeds when danger surged.

It may not seem a noble song to sing to some  
 Good people who for pleasures are not ripe.  
 If so, I beg their pardon, but I will maintain  
 That one of heaven's mercies, is my pipe.

W.

## Before and After.



## J-n B-l Ueber Alles.

(" . . . . I found ' J-n B-l ' all over the place.")

' HORACE TOPLEY ' AT G.H.Q.

I HAVE been very busy this afternoon. I have been writing those funny letters to myself, which I answer in ' J-n B-l's Letter Box ' every week. You can't think what a strain that imposes on the mind—especially on a Mind like Mine. Last night I lay awake, tortured by the memory of that poor Tommy who wrote to me five months ago—the letter was stained with tears—to say that his Sergeant-Major had cursed him for not getting his hair cut. I bet that was Asquith's fault. The Old Gang at their Old Game. Remember the Mesopotamian Mud-pie! Don't forget the Dardanelles Dumpling! (as the Archbishop of Canterbury was saying to me only last Tuesday, "Give 'em 'ell, 'Orace.") But enough of the imperfections of others. Let us rather contemplate our own virtues.

### THE WONDERFUL VISIT.

My mind travels back to that Wonderful Interview I had with — in the bar-parlour last week—The Interview that will End the War. Says — to me "Horace," he says, "Give it a name." "All right, Duggy, my lad," says I, "Mine's a small Scotch, and never mind the soda." We great Men are not in the habit of wasting words. (Don't look so surprised; I pay myself half-a-crown a line for this sort of stuff).

"Would you like to see the Front?" asked — suddenly. For the moment I blenched. I thought of the possible

risk, the possible loss to England, to Europe, to Civilization. Then I clenched my fists, bit my tongue, hitched up my pants and "Sure," I said. (I knew what a thrill would run through America when my remark was quoted.) I put on My Steel Helmet and My Box Respirator and, when the chief turned his back for a moment, I pinched his poker and shoved it down my right trouser leg. (Do you remember my scintillating article published in September 1914? It was called BE PREPARED.)

### MAIDEN MODESTY.

As we walked down the long corridors of the building we passed scores of Despatch Riders, their pockets bulging with correspondence. I suspected at once and I tried not to see, but the thing was forced on me. *Every one of them was laden with mailed copies of J-n B-l for the General Staff.* I peeped into some of the offices as we passed along and saw thousands of clerks. Some of them were bent double, poring over books; others held their heads in their hands in an attitude of despair; six were being carried out on stretchers. "Rather a busy day?" I suggested. "Of course it is," answered the Marshal, "Don't you remember? Golden Bullets Competition. Closing day Thursday, November 8th." He looked at his watch and added, "Some of them will have to hurry, if they wish to catch the D.R.L.S."



### THE WATCHERS.

Well, we got to the Front at last. It was at a place called Cassel. As we charged up the slopes of the hill, I kept my hand on the poker, ready to defend the life of the gallant Field Marshal against even Hindenburg himself. (Luckily for the latter, he wasn't there.) On the top of the hill we came upon a number of Staff Officers grouped in a circle and facing each in a different direction. Each was armed with a long telescope through which he gazed intently at far horizons. "Who are these?" I asked, "And what are they doing? I hope they are business men!" (and I am afraid a note of asperity crept into my voice.) "Oh they're all right," replied the Marshal. "They are the Watchers. That long-legged chap is Watching Russia. The short fat one is Watching Japan. That fellow with the bandy legs is Watching Montenegro; and the unfortunate youth standing on his head over there is Watching the South Pole." At this point I turned suddenly to find a gentleman in plain clothes, with a sleuth-like countenance, just behind me. "And who in the name of all that's mournful is this?" I queried. "Oh, he?" laughed my distinguished colleague, "He's just a private detective. He's *Watching You!*"

### GET ON WITH IT.

But let us get on with the War. As I told you before, I have given Kerensky a pretty hot time lately; I've told him pretty plainly that, if Russia doesn't win the war—*she will lose it*. Poor, silly, blind fools, (*toujours la politesse*) with their Doddering Delegates and their Dilapidated Dumas.

Where would they be now, if they had only listened to ME? God knows! . . .

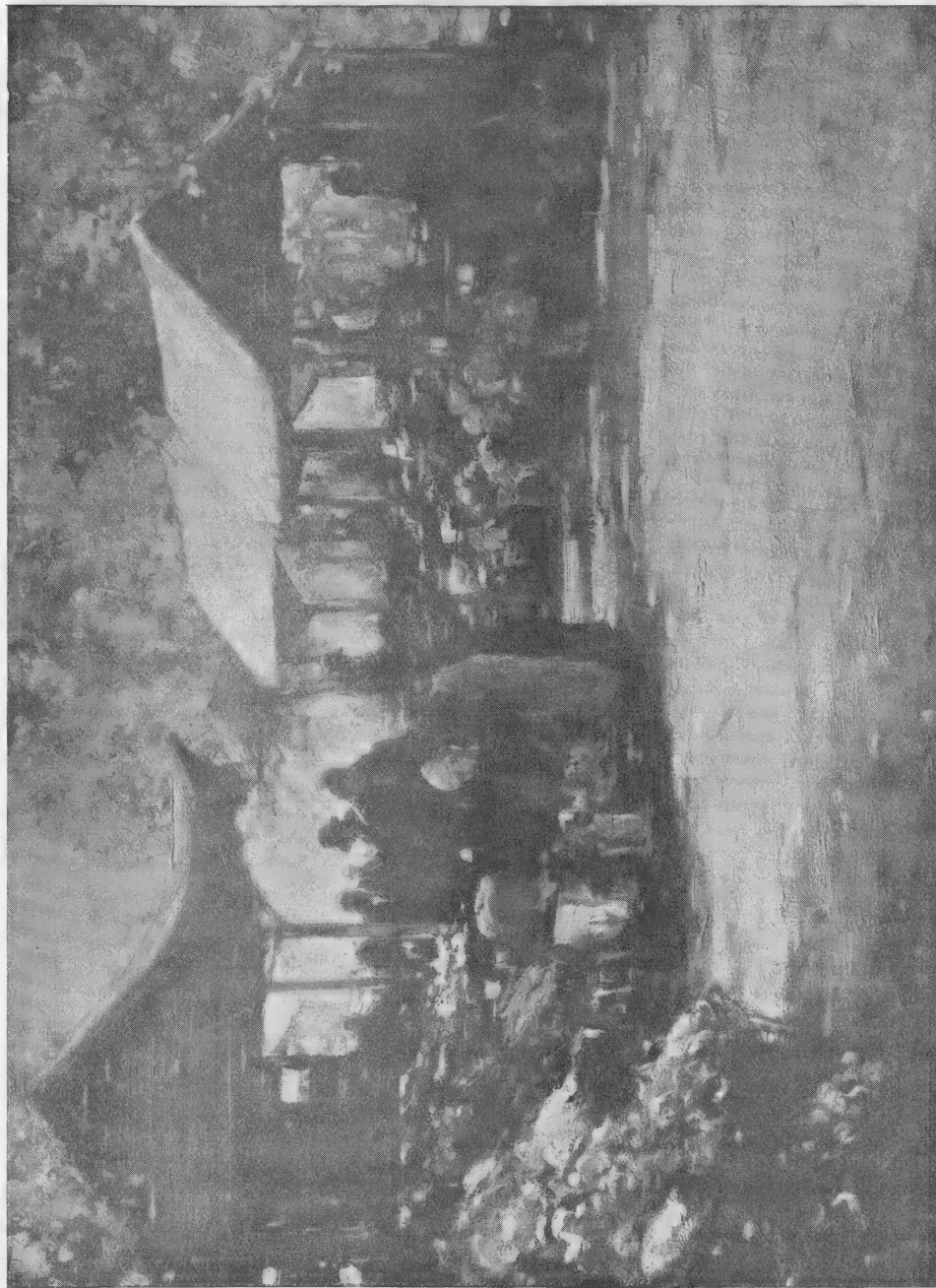
As I write, the weather is improving, and I think I'll go out and get a cup of tea shortly. No, I didn't mean that. What I meant was—With the weather improving as it has improved this last half hour, what's all this nonsense about our gallant lads being held up by Mud? I tell you, it isn't Mud; it's Muddling! And then those Neutrals—Oh God!—those naughty, nauseating Neutrals, battenning on the blood of our Brightest and Best! It makes my own blood boil. I've talked and shouted and shrieked and sweated. I went and pulled Lloyd George out of bed and asked him what he was going to do about it. And do you know what he said to me? Do—you—know—what—he—said—to—ME? He said "You be d—d, whateffer!" And where are we now? What did Gladstone say in 1870? Where was Moses when the light went out? If it had not been for Haldane, Harry Lauder, Marie Corelli and the Cocoa Press, the Kaiser would now be walking the streets of London with his trousers in a state of extreme disrepair, and Little Willie would be selling souvenirs on Westminster Bridge.

### GRAND FINALE.

Now I have a little secret to tell you. *Listen to me*. Don't worry. Don't get excited. I know it's tremendously important. I know no-one could have thought of it but myself. But keep calm. Shut your eyes and open your mouth and prepare to receive—My Message to Mankind. Here it is. *We are one week nearer the end of the war to-day than we were this time last week.*

HORACE TOPLEY.

*From the painting by A. St. J. McCall, R.B.A.*



GOLDEN AUTUMN—BRITTANY.

*From the painting by A. St. J. McCall, R.B.A.*



BEFORE ARMAGEDDON—DIEPPE MARKET.

## The Awakening.

THE attack had been successful. On a front of two miles, a strip of desolation a thousand yards wide had passed from German hands to British. It was dusk. In London busy citizens hurrying home to tea bought evening papers and read with satisfaction the glaring headline "Another Stride Forward on the Ridge."

On the Ridge itself the victors clung with patient endurance to their line of water-logged shell-holes,—too weary to be much affected by the occasional gusts of fire which swept over them. In and behind the line the dead of both sides lay strewn about in attitudes varying from the perfectly natural to the hideously grotesque. The wounded cursed, or groaned or cried aloud for help as their moods or their tortures dictated. The darkening sky flickered continually with the flashes of many guns, the air shuddered with the hissing rush and crashing fall of countless shells.

One there was, a captain of infantry with a broken thigh, lying in the deep shell-hole to which he had dragged himself three hours previously. He lay in such a way that his wounded leg was propped up clear of the slimy water which half-filled his refuge. His head and back rested against the greasy clay slope of the crater and his other leg, submerged to the knee in water and numbed with cold, had just strength enough to support his weight and prevent him from slipping down. He had managed to pull off his equipment, which now lay beside him within reach of his left hand. He was faint, for the pain of his wound was acute, but he was

still conscious. Without moving his body (it hurt him terribly to move) he fumbled for his flask and found it empty: he remembered then having drained it in small gulps during his crawl to the cover of the shell-hole—an age ago. His fingers, groping over all the space they could reach, clutched at last his haversack. He dragged it on to his lap and found his electric torch. Mercifully it was intact. By its light he examined his sodden belongings—a handkerchief clammy with congealing blood, a cigarette case half full of wet unsmokeable cigarettes, a mud-stained map, a box of matches that would not strike, a biscuit or two, an amorphous brown wad that had once been a packet of chocolate, three crumpled letters all in the same handwriting, and a small closed cylinder of bright metal an inch or so long. He read the letters through—the last was very short.—putting each one back into its envelope when he had finished it. Then he pushed them all into the breast pocket of his jacket and stared at the last gleam of sun-light in the West.

He began to think—not very coherently for he was dizzy with pain.

"What was it all for—what the hell was it for? That age-long night in the trenches waiting for the first streak of dawn: the sudden thunderous opening of the bombardment that heralded zero hour: the scramble out into the open, the blundering, stumbling journey forward over hideous chaos: men falling on both sides of him, the eternal crashing sequence of the barrage in front, the roar of a thousand guns behind, machine guns chattering, men

shouting and yelling, rusty wire in tangled heaps, corpses, shell-holes, shapeless piles of debris that had once been farms, battered trenches, the stench of corruption, the hellish incessant din. Dear God! how silly it all was—and how tragic. . . . And there he lay helpless, crippled. Stretcher bearers might find him: he hadn't strength to shout. He might faint and be left there till the burial parties came along. Anyway, what did it matter? Better perhaps if he did die. What was the good of living? He didn't want to live. Why ever hadn't it been a quick death instead of this long-drawn out torture. Christ! how his leg throbbed and burned and ached. And how thirsty he was. What was it for? What was the use of it? All his Officers hit, most of his men too—that damned machine gun that had swept their line from end to end and back again. And it wasn't on his front either, curse it: the people on the right ought to have done it in ages before. If the stretcher bearers found him it would mean a mile or more over rough ground to the dressing station: how awful that would be, to be carried swaying and bumping along. He'd rather stay where he was. And supposing he did survive—what then? If the doctors made a bad job of it he'd be a cripple, a hobbler on crutches with one leg shorter than the other for life. And if they did it well, he'd have a few weeks in hospital, a little cheerful "fattening up" and then be 'fit for general service' and back again to another eternity of waiting—waiting for the shell or the bullet or the bomb, the breath of poison gas or the jet of liquid flame that would end it all for ever. . . . Why not end it now?"

He toyed with the little metal case "Here was the solution, surely.

Hadn't he kept it on his person day and night for eighteen weary months? Hadn't he had the foresight to do that as a result of things—unnameable horrors—that he had seen, sentient human beings made in the image of God, but with their entrails hanging out, or with their limbs severed from their bodies, shrieking in their agony for some Samaritan to finish them with a kindly bullet? And hadn't he always sworn that he would *not* submit to that; that, to avoid it, he would carry with him always a simple means of ending pain for ever?"

He unscrewed the top of the metal case and pulled out a glass tube, wrapped in cotton wool. Then he shook some white tablets into his palm. Each was a dose, a panacea. If he took them all they would open the gates to—what? Oblivion, he hoped. He didn't want to live.

He hesitated for nearly a minute with that one thought in his brain. He drew out the letters again.

"She . . . . no he didn't want to live."

He put two of the tablets into his mouth, and with a gulping effort swallowed them. One at a time would be better, he realised—his throat was so parched. He took another. There was a roar, a blinding flare of light and the terrific crash of a bursting shell. He was half lifted from his position by the shock of the explosion: in an involuntary effort to save himself from slipping down into the water he clutched at the broken, slippery earth. He gasped with pain: the jar to his broken leg had been an agony. He made a feeble effort to call out for help, but he had no strength, no will-power left. Things began to whirl round inside his head . . . . there was an



engine there in his brain, racing madly . . . . he fainted.

## 2.

He was marching. The relief had been completed. His battalion had withdrawn from the line in little parties of a dozen or so, dragging along over the boggy derelict ground for what had seemed hours and hours. At last he had formed up his company on a road three miles from the front line. He was marching to the battalion rendez-vous. It was dawn when they reached it. The men were worn out, but content that they were alive. A hot meal, baths, clean clothes, rest—above all, rest and sleep—awaited them. A row of lorries received their grimy, mud-caked forms. Soon they were grinding along towards billets in the back area. Nothing mattered. They had done well and they were alive.

And he? In twenty-four hours he would be on his way to London. Leave! ten whole blessed days to do what he liked with! He leant back on the hard front seat beside the lorry driver and pretended he was in a taxi . . . . with Her.

Should he tell her at once or should he wait a little till he was sure. No, he was sure already. His letters had been plain enough. She understood, he was certain, and she had always seemed to acquiesce.

'Come home *soon*' she had written only a week before, 'I want to *hear* about all your dream-castles that you say you can't describe in a letter.'

He tried to think out how he would put it. Perhaps he would say:—

'Don't you see, dear, that all my plans for the future have included *you*? Is it too soon? Would you rather I

didn't go on? Will it spoil it all?—will it?—tell me.'

And then he would make her look at him and he would see her answer in her eyes. Heaven . . . . .

He was on the boat, one of the reckless, jaunty crowd that crammed every corner of the decks and saloons. The channel breeze buffeted his cheeks, the cliffs of Folkestone came nearer, nearer. In less than three hours now . . . . .

He was in the train. He had wired, 'Arrive 7 p.m. Let's have dinner together.' Would she come? Perhaps she'd even meet the train. His carriage was full. The others were absorbed in papers and magazines. Poor fools, he thought, how they would envy him if they only knew! The train slowed up and rolled over the Thames into Victoria. He flung his kit out, summoned a porter and sauntered down the platform. His heart gave a sudden jump. She *was* there. They greeted each other conventionally, almost stiffly. He was pleased at that. If she had been quite natural, it wouldn't have been so good a sign. They went off in a taxi. Lord! how good it was to be in London again. Dropping his kit at his club they went on to dinner. He chose a quiet, cosy little place. They had champagne. She looked at him over the rim of her glass with a little friendly smile. 'Welcome Home' she said.

"It's all *right*, you fool," he kept telling himself. No, she didn't want to go to a show, would much rather just sit and talk.

"Oh! but not here," he exclaimed "I know; let's go for a drive. It's a lovely night."

She agreed. He bargained with a taxi. "To Hampstead Heath and



back again—quite slowly,” he ordered.

He found himself trembling; all his carefully prepared openings were forgotten. She chattered gaily, but he hardly answered. Already they were climbing Tavistock Hill. She was describing a play that she had seen the evening before. It occurred to him that there was a trace of nervousness in her voice too. He could stand the suspense for not a second longer and interrupted her almost rudely.

“Did you understand my last letter?” he asked. She made no attempt to answer, neither did she meet his eyes.

“Did you?” he persisted, leaning a little towards her.

“I—yes, I think so,” she responded.

“Well? Are you awfully angry?” He put his hand over hers, and at last she turned her eyes to his. In them he read promises—half shy, half eagerly bold.

“Not angry . . . . only—”

“Only what, my very dear?” His arm was round her shoulders, drawing her gently towards him.

“Only so very, very happy,” she whispered, and her arms went round his neck as their lips met in a first kiss.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 3.

“Go careful, steady—now lift,” he heard a voice say. He opened his eyes and was blinded for a second by the flash of a torch. Arms were round his neck, strong khaki-clad arms. His head was splitting with pain, the rest

of his body was numb. He was being lifted on to a stretcher. It had been a wonderful dream, vivid and realistic as only morphia dreams can be, but it was tragically false. It was six months since he had been on leave, six months since he had sent that wire from Folkestone. She had *not* met the train. She had written a short little note (he had it in his pocket now) to say that she was sorry, but she thought she guessed, and perhaps it would give less pain if she was quite frank now. Perhaps on the whole it would be wiser if he didn't see her again.

And he hadn't.

Stretcher bearers are accustomed to most things, but these two were startled when their burden, with a strength of voice almost uncanny in one so stricken, cried out:—“Put me down. For God's sake leave me. I tell you I don't *want* to be rescued.”

And then as the full flood of returning memory surged into his tortured brain, “Hell! why didn't I swallow them all at once and finish it.”

“Bit off his chump, this poor bloke,” said the foremost bearer.

“Aye, poor devil. Mind that bit o' wire,” answered the other.

Gallant men, they staggered on over the foetid, devastated ground with Death on every side. And still the sky flickered continually with the flashes of many guns and the air shuddered with the hissing rush and crashing fall of countless shells. A bright new moon and a myriad stars gazed down pitifully on the wreckage of the land.

“PRETENDER.”

## Scraps.

THE Salvage and the C.R.E.  
 Were working hand-in-glove  
 (How sweet it is to witness such  
 Disinterested love !).  
 " Oh ! do you think," the Salvage cried,  
 " That you could clear this rubble  
 With 50 N.C.O's and men  
 And no excessive trouble ? "  
 " I doubt it," wept the C.R.E.,  
 " You'd better ask for double."

\* \* \* \* \*

WHEN you hear the East a-calling  
 And you want to make reply,  
 Think of sand and sun and sickness,  
 The mosquito, ant and fly,  
 Think of camel smells and coolies,  
 Marches over Sinai's waste,  
 And you'll find the East a-calling  
 Not exactly to your taste.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Jewish Battalion has been named " The Jordan Highlanders."  
 Its Motto is :—" No advance without security."  
 Battle Cry :—" Onward, Christian Soldiers."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Give them Hell, boys, give them Hell ! " roared the padre, as he saw his battalion advancing on the enemy trenches. Then, noticing the look of amusement on the faces of the other onlookers, he explained. " One—er—really cannot resist expressing a wish that our brave boys may—er—gain the upper hand."

\* \* \* \* \*

### ALL QUIET.

A loud report, a sudden whizz,  
 A low expressive grunt,  
 A raiding Gotha's pleasantries,  
 A little sniper hunt ;  
 A shell, a mine, a bomb such is  
 " A calm day on the front."

## FOR INFORMATION AND FUTURE GUIDANCE.

A certain Brigade, some time during the winter of 1916, received orders that every officer should wear Tommy's uniform when in the trenches. The effect proved illuminating to a C.O. concerned.

One dark and rainy night a party was detailed to fetch rations from headquarters, where they had been dumped. The party arrived in charge of a sanitary man, who felt somewhat elated at his responsibility. He had begun to issue the ration bags to his party when the C.O. appeared out of the darkness, arrayed in his Tommy's uniform, and commenced prodding about with a stick in search of his own case of whisky.

The sanitary man eyed him suspiciously and exclaimed, "Nah then, wot are yer arter?" Whereupon the C.O. disappeared, only to return again in a few minutes to resume his prodding operations. The sanitary man turned on him fiercely, "Wot, you agin?" and sent him sprawling down the steps of the dug-out.

Next morning the following agony was sent to each company,—“All officers will resume their Officers' dress.”

\* \* \* \* \*

From a contemporary: The perfect short story—"There was once a teetotal quartermaster sergeant."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lines to a Dear Friend.*

"How often held in close embrace,  
Her kisses pressing on my face,  
And yet she wears no frills or lace.  
My Gas Bag."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Epitaph on a Steel Helmet.*

Here lies the body of "Tin Hat One."  
His "tinny soul" now floats aloft:  
So hard of heart whilst on this earth,  
Still he protected something soft.  
Thank Heaven! I still have got my head,  
Old "Tin Hat" stopped that lump of lead.

## SICK PARADE.

The group was waiting outside the Medical Officers' Inspection Room, when the following conversation was overheard.

*Atkins.*—" 'Ere wot are you doin' 'ere."

*Thomas.*—" Well wy not ? "

*Atkins.*—" I bets yer gets M. and D."

*Thomas.*—" I'll bet yer five francs I don't."

*Atkins.*—" Wy wots the matter with yer ? "

*Thomas* (confidentially).—" Nothing. But I knows somethin' I can tell him."

A Schoolboy was asked "What do you know about Elijah?" He replied:—"His life was shrouded in Mystery, but he was a very holy man, who went on a cruise with a widow."

### THE CART BEFORE THE MULE.

QUOTATION FROM ORDERS:

"Lost.—On the 11th instant at —— a limbered G.S. wagon with 4 mules attached, frightened by shell-fire, bolted and was last seen going in a Southerly direction!"

A wagon with the wind-up is a pitiable sight, and it was hard lines on the mules, who probably would have preferred to go West—to their stables.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Corps Commander was visiting the trenches. It was the hour of the day when the inhabitants fry steaks over braziers. The Corps Commander passed in front of No. 2476, Private Evans, George, late miner and no respecter of persons, who didn't know a Corps Commander from a politician.

"That's a nice looking bit of steak, my man," said the Corps Commander.

Private Evans looked up and smiled his winsome smile; "Aye, mon," he observed, "the ——'s not so bad!"

## At a Cross Roads.



With apologies to "Punch."

# Autumn.

Gone are the winds of Springtime's high endeavour,  
 Laughing at Age and knowing naught of Fear ;  
 Careless of Youth—as though Youth stayed forever  
 Shouting the joyous purpose of the year.

Gone, too, is Summer's all too brief fulfilling  
 Of what Spring promised, gone her own largesse—  
 Added with lavish hand, as by one willing  
 To give her lover all her loveliness.

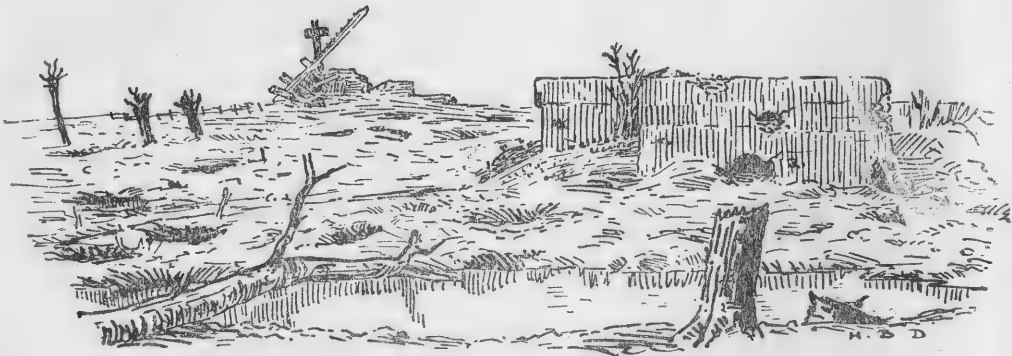
Now Autumn down the lanes and shaws is calling,  
 Bidding the field-folk store their harvest share ;  
 While through his fingers softly there is falling  
 The flaming splendour of tired Summer's hair.

Yet never Autumn grieves at Winter's coming,  
 Though Winter's festival he may not see ;  
 He knows that Death is but a fresh Becoming  
 That change is life's unchangeable decree.

## ENVOI.

Never was spring so fair that none could cherish  
 Hopes that some year would a still fairer bring :  
 Man must transcend his highest self or perish  
 Until as God he ends his journeying.

H. J. G.



View of "Au Bon Gite" from the Steenbeck.

DUDVERTISEMENTS.

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## CLIFFORD'S

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR STORES?

THEY ARE THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED WAREHOUSES OF  
MODERN TIMES.

EVERYTHING KEPT IN STOCK.

Owing to the ever-increasing demands for Antiques and Timepieces, arrangements  
have now been completed with the old-established Firm of—

**GODSALL, DUMP & FIELDGLASSES**

*(Associate of Royal Marine Store Dealers),*

SECOND-HAND CONTRACTORS, TO DEAL EXCLUSIVELY WITH THIS  
DEPARTMENT.

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO SHOP EARLY.

CARS PASS THE DOOR EVERY FEW MINUTES.

**A Motor Car is Kept on the Premises for the Sole Use of Customers—**  
EXCEPT SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

*Telegrams :—"IMEJIGGARD."*

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WATCH THIS SPACE.

**Reserved for B. LORE & Co.,**

Amusement Caterers.





## CAN YOU SKETCH?

The next six weeks' Course at the Divisional School of Art will commence on Jan. 1st, 1918.

Don't forget to submit your name for this course, not later than 9.30 a.m. on Dec. 26th. (If you are incapable of doing this after the Xmas festivities, get someone else to do it for you.)



A caricature by one of the School Pupils, who is  
*not a 'JOCK.'*

BE ABLE TO SKETCH IN THE DIVISIONAL MAGAZINE.

BE A CREATIVE ARTIST.

BE ABLE TO DRAW PANORAMAS.

BE ABLE TO CARICATURE THE SERGEANT-MAJOR ON THE 4 A.M. PARADE ON BOXING DAY.

BE ABLE TO SKETCH MADAMOISELLE AT THE 'L'ÉPI DE BLÉ' ESTAMINET.  
(YOU'LL FIND SHE'LL LIKE IT).

BE ABLE TO DRAW 'DAI JONES.'

Send a Copy of this Sketch to the Ac-Ac-Ac and Quack Emma Gohn, 38th Division for his free personal criticism.

38th (Welsh) Division.  
Art School.

---

**TO-DAY!**

**TO-DAY!**

**TO-DAY!**

Improve your Position by taking one of  
**FOLLINGTON'S COURSES.**

*"The Very Last Thing in Education."*

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE NEXT WAR.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING—

COME TO US AND HAVE A LOT.

*Speciality* :—"BOVRILISED COURSES FOR FUTURE STAFF OFFICERS."

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES ARRANGED AT ANY TIME ON ANY SUBJECT.

Descriptive Catalogue on application, giving free particulars of every imaginable Course, and 'How to get to them.' (Q will arrange).

COME AND SEE US—WE WILL SEND A CAR (RING UP Q, AND JUST MENTION OUR NAME).

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Send for pamphlet—"Hints for the Learner (ABRIDGED)"—gratis in bundles of 500, post free.

Telegrams—"DUCKIE."

DUDVERTISEMENT.



DR WILHELM'S  
PINK  
PILLS  
FOR PALE  
PRUSSIANS.

SOLD ONLY IN OUR  
PATENT COLLAPSIBLE PILL-BOXES.

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**AGENTS AT POTSDAM.**

**(Late of Passchendale, Poelcappelle and Pilkem.)**

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HINDENBURG writes:

*"Your pill-boxes in great demand was,  
that the dastardly thieving Englishmen  
specially attacked and taken has.  
Please 4 dozen more forward."*

DUDVERTISEMENTS.

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WHAT ABOUT G.R.O. 89,346?

WILL YOU BE ABLE TO PRODUCE A CERTIFICATE TO SAY YOU ARE CLEAN WHEN  
YOU NEXT PROCEED ON LEAVE?

NO! WHY?

BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT PLACING YOUR ORDERS WITH—

**THE COUNTRY'S CELEBRATED CLEANERS,  
J. WILLEY & TODD,**

(LATE OF COOTHOVE CORNER).

Regardless of Expense, our New Premises have been built with a view to expansion  
and with all Modern Improvements. Experienced Washing, Ladies  
engaged on the Staff.

REAL WATER AND GENUINE SOAP only used.

DON'T FEEL IRRITATED—LET US PUT YOU THROUGH THE FODEN;  
RECOMMENDED BY LEADING MEDICAL MEN.

TERMS MODERATE.

VAN DELIVERIES DAILY.

*Note the Address :—*NEXT TO THE BARBER'S SHOP.

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THE LITTLE BLACK HUT AT THE BATHS.

**Messrs. HANS FORD & COLLEAGUE.**

IF YOU FEEL DULL, COME AND HAVE A LITTLE CHAT. WE ARE HERE  
TO CHEER YOU UP AND CUT YOUR CORNS.

SHAVING AND HAIR TRIMMING TO TASTE, WHILST YOU WAIT.

*We are in no way associated with the Ordinary Barbers advertised—  
We are most Extraordinary.*

TRY OUR SNAPPY SHAMPOO AND MERRY MANICURE.

If you are pressed for time—we will arrange a Chatty Chiropody with  
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*Note :—*ALL WATER IS NOW CHLORINATED BY OUR OWN EXPERTS.

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BARGAIN SALE AFTER EVERY PUSH.

EVERY ARTICLE GUARANTEED  
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**TRY YOUR LUCKY DIP (50c.)**

You MAY get a BOOT,  
You MAY get a BOMB!

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WILL EXCHANGE SECOND-HAND  
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LADIES INVITED TO CALL.



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IF YOUR CHARGER OR YOUR DRAGON IS OFF COLOUR—

SEND TO ME FOR ADVICE.

ANIMALS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION—A SPLENDID SELECTION—  
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Mutual Improvement Societies and Schools attended on receipt of post-card. This Lecture can now be delivered in French by request.

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Phone No. 4.

Telegrams—“NOWIARSKER.”

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CONSULT

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*Experts in Market Gardening.*

LEASES ARRANGED. MANURE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, AND LABOUR  
SUPPLIED ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

NO FEES.

NO FEES.

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*Extracts from some of our many Testimonials:—*

R. T. writes:—“Last year we took over one of your desirable allotments, . . . . . plants and seeds sprang up wonderfully, often reaching record heights. We experienced no difficulty in raising from ‘hot-beds’ . . . . .”

‘Looter’ wires:—“Last year’s potatoes immense AAA. Please forward your present address.”

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Write to-day for our Illustrated Booklet—

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EVERYBODY'S DOING IT! WHAT?

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HELP THE COUNTRY TO ECONOMISE IN TRANSPORT.

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Brigade Major writes: 'Your Tumpline *most* satisfactory. I brought back all my Paris purchases without a hitch. No porters or cabs required.'

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BUT

GET IT AT CLIFFORD'S.



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HUXLEY'S COMIC CUTS

(NO CONNECTION WITH THE PINK-HUN).

Telegraphic Address :—THREE ACS.

BRIGHT AAA.

BREEZY AAA.

BROTHERLY AAA.

ISSUED DAILY TO ALL CONCERNED.

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STOP PRESS NEWS.

G.H.Q. reports AAA :—Passchendale Point-to-Point Race. AAA Result AAA  
First—Haig's Thomas Atkins AAA. Also ran Hindenburg's Fritz AAA ends.

SPECIAL NEXT WEEK.

FAVOURITES FOR THE SPRING OFFENSIVE !!

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STILL GOING STRONG.

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HALF A POUND OF SUGAR GIVEN AWAY IN EVERY POUND OF TEA.

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Master of Balliol burbles :—" I always use your Oxford Jelly."

Brigadier bellows :—" Reference the ham you dispatched to me, I have never seen such a ham."

"Q" queries :—" Have you any more SAUCE ? If so, keep same. We've had enough of yours to last us for the Duration."

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SQUILLS FOR RATS.



## I TEACH YOU LANGUAGE!

You *need* it for our Allies!  
Special Terms for all Soldiers.  
Advanced Course for N.C.O.s.  
**DO YOURSELF JUSTICE!!**

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**HAVE YOU TASTED OUR BULLY BEEF ?**

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Your favourite animal embroidered.  
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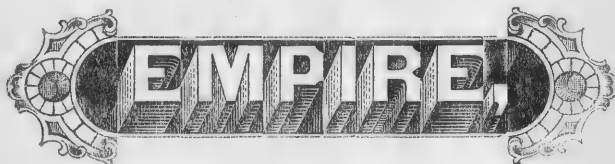


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HOCH !            HOCH !            HOCH !

THE GERMAN



Actor-Manager    - - - - -    W. HOHENZOLLERN, Esq.

END OF THE SEASON.

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SPECIAL MATINEE.

(KNIGHTLY PERFORMANCES FORBIDDEN BY THE MANAGER).

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("THE TWO SUNSPOTS.")

IN THE SCREAMING FARCE ENTITLED

**"A PLACE IN THE SUN."**

Little Willie will also sing :—"Take Me Back to Dear Old Deutschland."

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BETH HOLWEG, Conjuror, in his famous SCRAP of PAPER Scene (where he  
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CONCLUDING WITH

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HORRIBLE ECCLESIASTICAL TRAGEDY,

ENTITLED

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COME AND ———— WEEP.

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A NEW PUBLICATION.



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*“Leaves from My Diary”*

By P. ERRICE.

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This well-known Author in his usual thrilling style makes most sensational disclosures.

The preface to this book is most remarkable, as it shows how the Author, at great personal risk, reached REXM regularly.

“Christmas at Home” is a wonderful chapter, and reveals the writer in his best vein. It is already the talk of “Clubland.”

The main feature of “Leaves from my Diary” is the masterly way in which the Secret History of even the most obscure individuals is laid bare before the reader—nothing appears to have escaped the keen and cunning eye of the Author.

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“The author has surpassed his famous novel—L’HORRIBLE HERZEELE HOAX.”—LA VIE BROCKMAN.

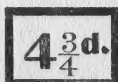
“Would there were more LEAVES.”—WESTONIAN.

“The Preface of this book has given us food for another scathing Editorial.”—JOHN BULL.

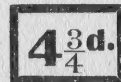
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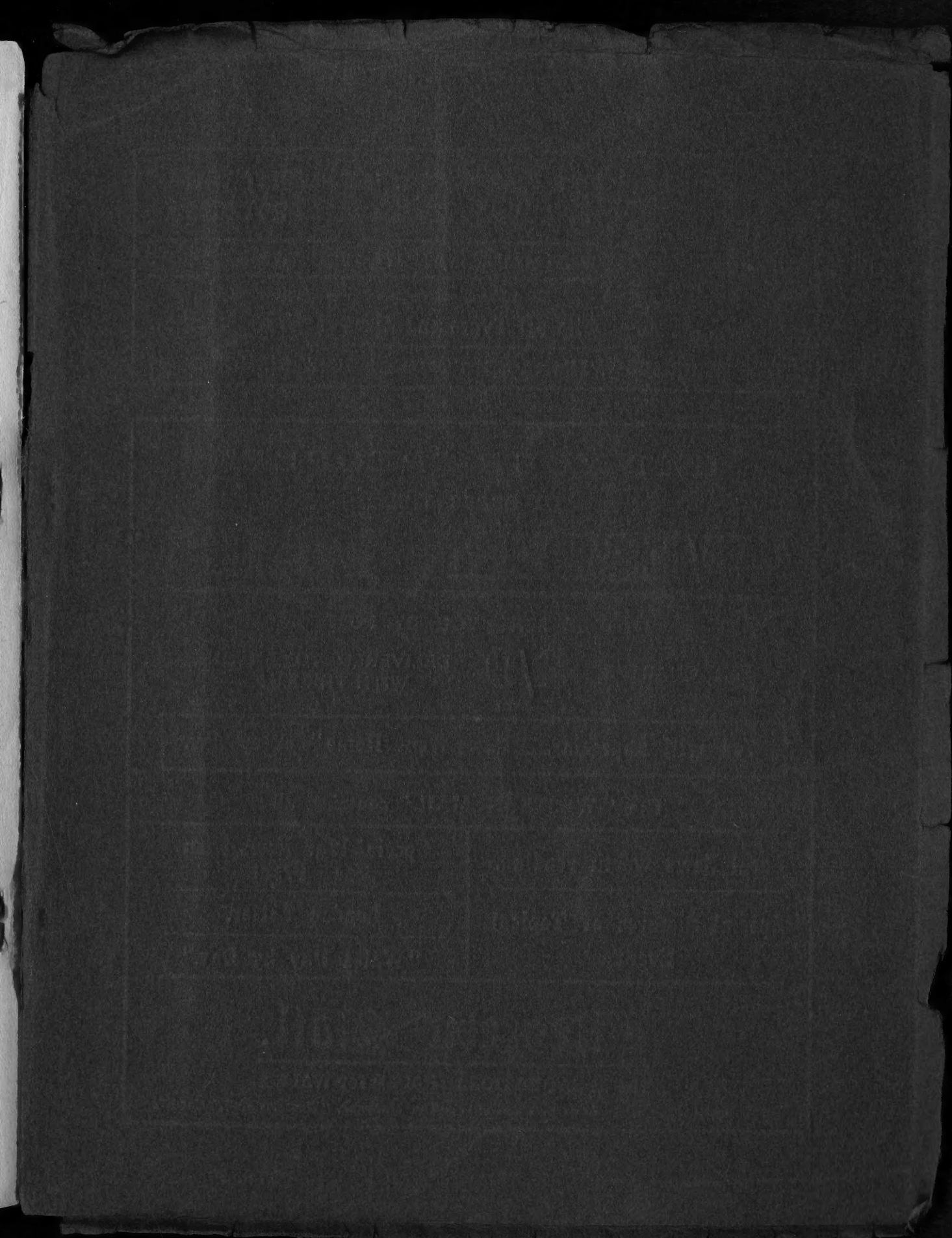


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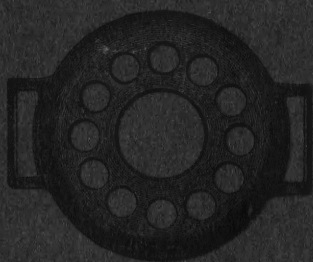












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DELIVERED TO ANYONE  
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You will appreciate "News from Home" every day.

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